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Years ago Genevieve Ward bestowed her friendship and finally her love upon one Count de Guerbel, a Russian, whose wealth, magnificent physique and fascinating manner, made overwhelmingly agreeable by a really deep passion, won from the true and appreciative heart of Miss Ward an esteem and admiration which would do honor to any man who lives. She was then 18, petted, loved and surrounded by every luxury. Her mother, whose worldly eyes saw even more plainly than her daughter the advantages of such an alliance, favored the match, and eventually in full pomp and ceremony, in the Roman Catholic Church, Miss Ward had the happiness of being united to the man of her choice, and becoming the Countess de Guerbel.

It was not but a few moments after the reception, and when the happy couple had but just started by carriage on their wedding journey, that a messenger arrived in breathless haste and announced to the astonished and indignant mother that Count de Guerbel being Russian, considered the marriage sacrament as performed in the Roman Catholic Church as not binding at all, and that in fact, unless a marriage were also consecrated in the Greek Church, that the Count could repudiate Miss Ward at any time, declare and sustain his claims that the marriage was void and null, and leave his beautiful wife in a most unenviable position. That, since he was well aware of these facts and had the reputation of being an unscrupulously fast man, he probably had intended to secure for his own pleasure the person of Miss Ward under these false pretenses, and would in all probability in time betray her. The mother, like a brave and diplomatic woman, consulted the American Consul, obtained his advice and instantly followed her daughter by train, catching the bridal party within a few hours of their departure. She immediately presented herself to the Count, who, no doubt, was disagreeably surprised to meet so soon again his mother-in-law, and under such auspices. But he immediately proved himself to be the villain he was, for on her informing him of the state of affairs as she had ascertained them, he utterly refused to be united to Miss Ward in the Greek Church, and neither proposed any methods of making good the marriage nor even attempted to excuse himself. Upon this Miss Ward returned home with her mother, safe and sound, but bitterly mortified and unhappy. They returned to Paris and determined to appeal to the Emperor of Russia for justice, and the protection of Miss Ward's honor. They received an invitation from his Majesty to visit the Court at St. Petersburg. That she might more ably make her personal appeal and lay the case more eloquently before the royal mind, Miss Ward devoted herself to the study of Russian, and in six weeks had so mastered this difficult language that she could converse in ordinary terms quite sufficiently well to be thoroughly understood. Arrived at St. Petersburg, the mother and daughter were given a suite of rooms in the palace and were received by the Empress with every mark of sympathy and esteem. The Emperor heard their story, of the truth of which, of course, they had undoubted proofs, with indignant appreciation of the mortification and social disgrace which his subject had so villainously heaped upon them. He immediately ordered the world to be searched for the Count. But the Count had hidden himself well. It was not until six months that he was brought triumphantly into the Russian capital.

The Emperor personally commanded the Count to marry Miss Ward, and he was obliged to give his reluctant consent. Why he had acted in the way he had done, and what was his objection to a marriage with a young girl of irreproachable character, whom he had seemed to passionately adore, and had taken so much pains to possess, he never told, and no one ever knew. Miss Ward's brother had arrived in St. Petersburg, and, being a man of character, had sworn to see his sister made the honorable wife of her suitor or kill the Count. The marriage ceremony, performed in the palace in the presence of the Emperor and Empress, the royal household and the many friends whom Miss Ward had gained during her stay in St. Petersburg, was an imposing scene.

J. K. Emmet, the actor, who was recently committed to the Kings County Inebriates' Home, has written a letter to the public denouncing the manner of his commitment as an outrage. He says that he is a strict teetotaler from every beverage stronger than coffee or tea during fifty-one weeks of the year, and acknowledges that he is in the habit of going on a spree during the remaining week. After a day or two of such dissipation his custom has been to place himself in some public institution with a view to recovery, and his wife has in most instances made the application. She did so this time, and he was sent to the Kings County institution. After a week he was discharged on his own application. Then for the first time he was made aware that he had been committed on an ordinary commitment for vagrancy for three months. He fears that this fact may give persons not intimately acquainted with him the notion that he is a habitual drunkard, or that he does not maintain his family in a proper manner, the contrary of both of which he maintains to be the case. In support of his assertions he produces a letter from the Rev. J. Willett, Superintendent of the Home, in which that gentleman says that "there was no necessity whatever for committing Mr. Emmet as a vagrant, nor was there any authority in law for doing so. The institution," he declares, "is a hospital for the treatment of the disease of inebriety merely, and not a prison-house for the punishment of vagrants or any other class of criminals." He further states that "Mr. Emmet's wife engaged the best room in the establishment," and this he thinks "is of itself a complete answer to the vagrancy commitment," and, "the attention of the Judge having been called to the blunder, he promptly corrected it by attaching his signature to the form sent him." Mr. Willett concludes as follows:

"In reference to Mr. Emmet's condition, it affords me great pleasure to state that he is not a dipsomaniac, or habitual drunkard, if you please. He is a comparatively young man who has not reached the prime of life,

and is favored with a remarkably strong and robust constitution. His every habit and motion is emphatically vigorous, and he is withal a very excitable person. These qualities are jointly and severally essential to make up the character of Fritz—deprive him of any of them, and you will destroy this popular actor. It is a very rare occurrence for a patient to enter the Home in the condition of robust health and remarkable vigor which Mr. Emmet possesses, hence, as a rule, it takes several weeks and frequently months to build up the shattered constitution, which is the first step toward the restoration of will power. Mr. Emmet did not require any building up, and when once thoroughly sobered, his power to will is in vigorous action."

Asa C. Berry died on Thursday last at Brewster's Station, New York. To many an old showman this will be the first announcement of the death of "Ase" Berry, one of the best known circus men in the United States, and one of the last men with whom the thought of death would be coupled. The boys are grown men who in days past have gazed at and envied Ase Berry as in gorgeous red uniform he sat on the lofty seat of some "Golden Chariot of Apollo," and drove twenty prancing horses through the winding streets of a country town in the grand procession of a circus.

He was a Connecticut boy, and was born on a farm, and, like many a New England lad, was at an early age an excellent horseman. This was before the days of steam, when horses occupied a position of honor and usefulness since lost. Young Berry became in time a skillful reinsman, so skilful that when hardly out of his teens he was employed to drive on the old turnpike that ran between New York and Albany. Those were the days of four-horse stage coaches, and the drivers were chosen for their skill and carefulness. Ase Berry was one of the best on the road.

His skill attracted the attention of the circus men. There then was no railroad circus, but all the traveling was done overland, by wagons, and the owners of circuses were on the lookout for men who could drive six and eight and even ten horses, attached to a heavy load, over country roads, by night, safely. So Berry became a circus man. This was thirty years ago, and ever since, up to within a few months of his death, he was connected with the show business. He worked for Forepaugh, Seth Howe, Bailey, Barnum, and, in fact, almost every circus man of note in the States. He was known as the only man who could, and did, drive twenty horses, two abreast. This he did when with Seth Howe, and it was a sight worth seeing to see this big, black-mustached man guide his ten span of caparisoned horses with as much ease as though behind a single span.

When in 1872 Barnum, Castello, Hurd, and Coup got together their big show, Berry was made master of the horse. He bought and sold and traded at his own discretion, and the result was that the show contained the finest lot of horses ever gathered under a canvas. He was with the show several years, but he was getting to be an old man—over sixty—and the labors of the road were too much for him. He sought lighter work; was ticket-seller at the Brighton Beach race track last summer; then had charge of Inkerman's training stables in Greene street, and last Fall went into the pedestrian business, and took Dobler and Crossman, the walkers, to Canada. Last Spring he was employed again by Forepaugh, but his old enemy, rheumatism, again attacked him, and he was forced to cease work. He went to Danbury, where, in years past, he had kept a hotel, and where he had many friends. His wife was with him. He grew worse, and dropsy of the heart threatened. He rallied sufficiently to go to Brewster's Station, where a married daughter resides. There he died on Thursday. "Ase Berry was one of the biggest-hearted men that ever lived," said H. N. Lake, last week, as in the Libby House he talked over the death of his friend with Joseph Pilkington of Bridgeport, another old showman. "He was generous to a fault. No man in want ever appealed to him in vain. His heart was as big as his body, and he weighed over 200 pounds. I know that he was in the show business over thirty years. He was known everywhere and was everywhere liked."

The Queen, who loves music, sent the other day for little Master D'Albert, who holds the Queen's scholarship in the Kensington Training-school, London. Mr. Arthur Sullivan, as the principal, took him to Court. When before her Majesty this wonderful little boy—who, fortunately for himself, is not a wonder-child, but a true wonder when he plays, and a true child when he does not—sat down and played a long programme which the Queen had selected. When he came to play Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise the Queen rose from her seat perfectly astonished, and stood behind his chair expressing her satisfaction and her pleasure in the most gracious manner. This little D'Albert, the son of the famous composer of dance music, is not only so remarkable a pianist, but at his age he has written a canon for sixteen voices.

The smallest living male dwarf, if we may believe seemingly fair and honest statement in the London Truth, is Che-mah, a Chinaman. When Che-mah is drawn up to his full height he measures but twenty-five inches from cap-a-pie. The manikin is on exhibition at the Royal Aquarium, in London, in company with two giants, the tallest of whom is eight feet and two inches high. If we may put any faith in the pages of dwarf lore, there is no authenticated instance of a dwarf under twenty-five inches in stature. Athenus, an ancient humorist of the Mark Twain order, refers in his "Feast of the Deipnosophists" to Aristaratos, a pigmy poet, who was so small that "no one could see him." The writer in Truth mentions incidentally the dwarfish page, Sir Geoffrey Hudson, who figures prominently in Sir Walter Scott's charming romance, "Peveril of the Peak." It will be recollected how the queen of the merry monarch conceived the idea of serving Sir Geoffrey in a pie. To please her Majesty, the dwarf suffered himself to be entombed in a mammoth baking dish walled up with crust and pastry and conveyed to the royal table. At the propitious moment the little man broke out of his sarcophagus,

like a jack-in-the-box, causing the direst panic among the guests, which was succeeded, however, by screams of laughter, as leaping over the dishes he danced a hornpipe on a trencher, made a lunge at his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, and cut up all conceivable antics to the Queen's delight. Sir Geoffrey was popularly believed to have been only eighteen inches high, but later facts have demonstrated that he was considerably over three feet in stature. A modern showman would scorn to impale a dwarf so disregarding of the limitations and proprieties of Lilliputian life in his chamber of curiosities. In this age of midgets and Tom Thumbs, Sir Geoffrey would not prove a strong "card" for a traveling company. Dwarfs are universally held by showmen of the Vuffin type to be a better investment than giants. In the droll language of Mr. Vuffin himself, "once get a giant shaky on his legs, and the public care no more about him than they do for a dead cabbage-stalk." Giants have a tendency to become "shaky" as the years come and go, while dwarfs increase in value, like meerschaum pipes and violins.

There is a class of people whose power of language barely admits of a careful use of English, but to make up for that they bring out the most remarkable French. I heard a man say enthusiastically "entrez, entrez," meaning encore. Another pronounced rendezvous as rendisvows. There was a man playing the disappointed lover in an amateur rendition of The Lady of Lyons, who drew down the house by pronouncing chateau as "chatter," and who even in the use of his native tongue stumbled over the word "churl," and pompously said to Pauline, "Thy husband is but a low-born curl."

The large army of amateur singers one meets here, as a general thing, a curious way of keeping the words of a song in the back of their mouths so there is no end to the mistakes hearers make over them. A child who heard the hymn "Hold the Fort," thought the line about a "stranded wreck" was something about a "strangled drake." I suppose many have heard of the countryman who went into a church as the choir began the anthem "We all like sheep," which they made sound as if it were an assertion of their taste in food.

"We all like sheep," sang the soprano.
"We all like sheep," warbled the tenor.
"We all like sheep," growled the contralto and the bass.

"Well, I don't," said the worthy rustic, and walked out.

A lady who prided herself on the pathos with which she sung Charibel's little ballad:

"Loyale je serai durant ma vie,"

was quite taken back when a child said,

"Cousin, do sing that pretty song, 'Royal, sir sherry burrah for me!'"

Another lady came out at a concert to sing Millard's "When the Flowing Tide Comes In," the last part of which goes this way:

"Peace, let him rest; God knoweth best."

With a voice trembling with emotion, she sang:

"Peace, let him rest; God knoweth best."

Many, many years ago, when the song

"Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn,"

He was bold as a hawk, she soft as the dawn,"

was in fashion, a girl who heard a public singer give it, picked it up by ear and thought the words were:

"Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn,"

He poulticed the hawk, she salted it down."

Portland (Oregon) Bee: The writer of this has seen Edwin Forrest walking up Pennsylvania avenue arm-in-arm with President Buchanan, and from the considerate manner of the Nation's chief, who appeared to be doing most of the talking, a stranger would have inevitably taken the tragedian for the President, and the President himself for some eminently respectable member of the learned profession. Mr. Buchanan was a great patron of the theatre, and Mr. Forrest a most savage and uncompromising Democrat, which probably accounted for their intimacy. During the war Mr. Forrest's sympathies were so strongly Southern and so openly expressed that his friends considered it little short of marvelous that no notice was taken of his many incautious not to say foolish remarks. Certain it is that his feelings sometimes carried him beyond the verge of discretion, notably so in the instance which I am about to relate. In 1863 he was playing at Ford's Theatre, Washington, the same building where President Lincoln was assassinated. The bill for the evening was Richelieu, and one of the stage boxes was occupied by a group of Cabinet officers and other dignitaries of the Government. The presence of these officers seemed to stir him up frightfully, and when the Cardinal bids Francois "Put up the sword, States may be saved without it," Mr. Forrest read it thus: "Put up the sword, States CAN be saved without it." Giving the auxiliary with that tremendous emphasis of which his voice alone was capable, shaking his finger at the box the while, and glaring upon the occupants with the ferocity of a tiger. The audience could not see to whom the line was directed, although whether any noticed the slight interpolation of the text is a question. Among the actors who were familiar with the play it was much commented upon.

Miss Mary Anderson was altogether sincere in the reason she gave for declining to read or intone the Declaration of Independence at the Permanent Exhibition on the 5th of July, namely, that she was frightened at the mere thought of such a thing, and would not dare attempt it. To those little acquainted with actors this may appear extraordinary, but it is a fact that most of them not only dread to appear as readers or lecturers, but actually would fail if they tried the experiment. In the case of Miss Anderson this feeling is developed to an extraordinary degree, and she is always nervous upon her first entrance on the stage, and when she acts a new part for the first time this nervousness amounts to intense suffering. Nor does she find the embarrassment, if it may be so called, to decrease as she becomes older in her profession. It is as strong with her to-day, very nearly, as it was when she made her debut. Any actor will tell you of his terror of new parts, and that it is a terror which never leaves him. Forrest knew it all through his career. And this, mind you, is in a business with which

they are familiar and when they are surrounded by their friends. What must it be then in something altogether out of their line. Remembering this, Miss Glover deserves earnest congratulations for her courage last Monday, and all credit for her entire success.

And it is worthy of note how any unusual circumstance, even while playing parts in which they have appeared over and over again, will cause the ladies and gentlemen of the theatre to lose their presence of mind. An audience of great brilliancy for a benefit is apt to so confuse the beneficiary that he or she misses the cue, throws somebody else out, and presto! everybody is at sea. When Barton Hill played in Philadelphia last year, for Mrs. John Drew's benefit, in The Rivals, in which piece he has acted many more times than he has fingers and toes, the reception which he received upon coming out to the stage upon which he had, in the past, been such a popular favorite, so staggered him—though he must have expected the applause—that he was at a dead loss, and did not wholly recover himself until the play was over.

WANTED.—A young red-haired lady; traveling engagement. Apply at once, agency 64 East 14th street.

The above advertisement was shown to a tall, beneficent-looking young man standing behind a rail in the office of Brown's Dramatic and Variety Agency at the address given.

"I called," the reporter explained, "because there seemed to be something unusual—"

"Nothing unusual about that," interrupted the tall man blandly.

"But who wants a young red-haired lady? It isn't usual to advertise for them in—"

"Nothing unusual, I assure you. Charlie applied to us for one and we advertised. He runs a side-show with the—Circus."

"Did he tell you what he wanted a young red-haired lady for in a side-show?"

"Certainly."

"Well, can you tell me what he wanted her for?"

"Of course. He wanted to make an Albino out of her."

"Don't you think that is strange?"

"How strange? Here is a man that wants an Albino. A red-headed girl makes the best Albino. Here is a red-headed girl that is willing to be an Albino. Why shouldn't he advertise for her? I don't see anything strange in that. The only thing strange about the matter is, that out of a hundred red-headed girls that have come here to-day, not one would consent to go with a side-show. They all want to go on the stage and be Clara Morris."

"But Albinos are not young red-haired ladies. Don't you think there's something strange—"

"Not at all," said the dramatic and variety agent. "A human hair is a tube nearly white and transparent. The coloring matter is inside. This coloring matter is easily bleached out. When the coloring matter is bleached out of red hair it leaves it a shade of white more nearly resembling the hair of a true Albino than in the case of other kinds of hair."

"May I publish that Charles—wants to transform a young red-haired lady into an Albino for his side-show with the—Circus?"

"Certainly. He'll have no objection, if you think it worth printing; but I don't see anything strange or remarkable about the matter."—[N. Y. Sun.]

S. F. Argonaut: Mrs. Marriner-Campbell, Miss Rightmire, Walter Campbell, and Henry Heyman have been having a royal time in Oregon and British Columbia—crowded houses, big subscription lists and hearty applause accompanied them everywhere, and they have returned jubilant. Bandmann had a very good house the first night he played in Portland; but the public didn't like his company, which, with the exception of the great Anglo-French tragedian and the little Anglo-French comedienne, pretty Louise Beaudet, was voted below the mark required by the web-footed cognoscenti. Herr B. reorganized, and is now in the upper country. There is scarcely a doubt but that Barry Sullivan will come out next season. His son is among us already here with his charming wife, Adeline Stanhope, the leading lady of the Baldwin Theatre, and a very good actress indeed. We do not quite think that Barry is "the greatest actor living," as many of our playgoers do; but still he and Booth are about the only representatives of the old school left; and it is well occasionally to admire what our fathers admired, before silk-stockinged villainy and evening-dress assassination were made fashionable by importations from France.

Somehow or other, in looking at Miss Neilson's Pauline in the Lady of Lyons, one is irresistibly reminded of a lioness playing with a mouse—the acting is so strong and the play is so weak. Surely such a piece of fustian, sentimentality, and clap-trap mock-heroics was never patchworked together as if she were serious, giving all the nubby-panby trash as if it were the utterances of Shakespeare himself. We would say, with the Irishman, "More power to her for that same," but that to wish her more power were a work of supererogation. Pauline is a very nice part for young aspirants to make their debut in, but for a great artist like Neilson it is rocco and out of place. And yet on Wednesday last it drew a crammed house at the Baldwin Theatre. However, the ways of the public are wonderful and not to be understood. We shall be sorry when Neilson is gone, for we do not often see a really great artist, and we shall all wish we had gone to see her oftener.

Herald P. I. man: Professional musicians sit for recreation near the front windows of piano warehouses, so that they may study technique as the girls walk by. When a crowd goes in to purchase a piano the professionals do not listen as the girls walk by. The crowd that goes in to buy the piano consists of a young yet matronly-looking lady, who is the teacher of the girl for whom the piano is to be bought; of the long-whiskered and benevolent father, who is to pay the price; of the mother or the stepmother, who has a severe countenance concerning pianos in general; of two or three little sisters, for whom the piano may "come in good" some

day, and of the young girl herself, who has taken a piece of music with her to try. The professionals laugh a little and look out of the window as the girl tries the piano. She plays her best, not their best, and they laugh and wink as the girls walk by. The girl plays and plays, and the professionals laugh a little as they gaze at the girls that are walking by. The piano is purchased and turned around for "sold," and is marked for the address of the father, who pays the money. Meanwhile the professionals laugh, and sit in the windows looking at the girls who walk by.

M. Francisque Sarcey, who has been following the French performances in London for the Dix-neuvieme Siecle, describes, in the following lively and imaginative manner, the interview which took place between the Prince of Wales and Mlle. Sara Bernhardt: "The Prince of Wales came the other night between the acts to pay his compliments to Mlle. Bernhardt. He was accompanied by the King of Greece, whom he presented to the actress. 'My brother-in-law,' said he to her. Mlle. Bernhardt bowed her acknowledgments, and while the Prince went to congratulate the other actors she remained tete-a-tete with the King; but she was not aware that she was talking to a king. She called him 'Monsieur' all the time, and talked right and left in her usual cavalier style. But time pressed, and she had to return to the dressing-room. 'Well,' said her colleagues to her, 'what do you think of the King of Greece?' 'What do you mean—what King of Greece?' she inquired. 'The King of Greece with whom you have just been talking,' was the reply. 'What! it was the King of Greece! it was a king!' and away she ran down-stairs to see the Prince of Wales. 'Ah! Prince,' she exclaimed, 'it was treachery on your part not to tell me it was the King of Greece.' 'But I told you it was my brother-in-law,' answered her Royal Highness, to which the actress rejoined: 'Your brother-in-law! But how was I to know? It might have been a half-witted merchant.' And away she darted back to the dressing room, leaving the Prince nonplussed. You may think the English have been shocked at this. Nothing of the kind! They forgive everything in this spoiled child."

At the conclusion of the performance of Fatinitza, at the Permanent Exhibition, Philadelphia, next Saturday afternoon, the children composing Zimmerman's Original Juvenile Opera company will not doff their costumes, but, keeping them on, will be taken in Union transfer coaches to Vine street wharf, where, by an arrangement between Manager J. Fred Zimmerman and D. M. Zimmerman, secretary and treasurer of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad Company, they will board a special train, and, leaving Camden at 6:30 o'clock, will make a seventy-five-minute run to Atlantic City, for the purpose of giving a performance of Fatinitza in the large dining-room of the Hotel Albion. The train will run directly to the hotel, as in such a feat as the performance at the Exhibition in the afternoon and at the City by the Sea in the evening no time can be lost.

John McCullough writes, under date of June 22, that he is having a splendid time in London, but will soon leave for Paris with Sothern. Genial John says: "I have seen Irving play twice, and supped with him last Saturday. I like him very much, both on and off the stage. I have also seen two very great actresses—Miss Ellen Terry and Mrs. Kendal. Miss Terry plays Portia better than anyone I ever heard in the part. John Raymond begins his rehearsals at the Gaiety to-day, and Miss Katherine Rogers plays the leading woman with him in The Gilded Age. Boucicault's houses are fine. He looks as well as he ever did in his life, and plays with that inimitable spirit which is the envy of all other actors."

Bernhardt acted, for the first time in London, a play called Jean Marie, at Lady Borthwick's soiree. Everything was perfect, from the charming hostess down to the smallest details. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz and the Princes Mary were there, as well as all the elite of London society. The play is an adaptation in French of the story of old Robin Gray, and the great artist was never seen to more advantage. Her acting, most exquisite and pathetic, brought tears to the eyes of the audience. Bernhardt's honorarium is \$300 a night. The price of a stall to see her at the Gaiety was \$6 to \$7.

Yale College has made Theodore Thomas a Doctor of Music. The degree was conferred not an hour too soon. Dr. Thomas will have his hands full. There is a great deal of music in this country that needs doctoring, and we hope the doctor will prescribe for it. "Grandfather's Clock" is pretty well run down, and perhaps it would be just as well for Dr. Thomas to let it die. If he undertakes to doctor that piece of music and get it running again, Yale College will be sued for damages. There is some music, however, now in a sort of comatose state, that should be resuscitated, and it is hoped the new Doctor of Music will attend to it.

Wilkes' Spirit: McArdle, who was responsible for much of Forrest's brusque behavior, and who, as keeper of the Forrest Home, managed to keep the profession out of it, is dead and buried. Mrs. Louise Eldridge, who attends all the theatrical funerals, missed McArdle's, and upon being asked the reason naively replied that she had got mixed up with so many funerals lately and was obliged to cancel some of her dates!

The Moss Knoll.

And close beside this aged thorn
There is a fresh and lovely sight,
A beauteous heap, a hill of moss
Just half a foot in height.
All lovely colors there you see,
All colors that were ever seen;
A mossy network, too, is there,
As if by hand of lady fair.
The work had woven been;
And cups, the darlings of the eye,
So deep is their vermilion dye.
Ah! what lovely tints are there
Of olive green and scarlet bright,
In spikes and branches, and in stars,
Green, red, and pearly white.
This heap of earth o'ergrown with moss
Which by the thorn you see,
So fresh in all its beauteous dyes,
Is like an infant's grave in size,
As like as like can be;
But never, never, anywhere,
An infant's grave was half so fair.
—WORDS WORTH.

had last season.—Quinlan and Milligan, the well known Western team, will open at the "Knicker" Aug. 2.—Eugene Elrod, the popular and well known treasurer of Macauley's Theatre, has returned home from Chicago, where he has been attending the races, perfectly delighted with his experience in that sinful village.—Barney Macauley will open his season in Lexington or Cincinnati Sept. 6.

Maryland.

BAITIMORE.

All the theatres are closed, and with the thermometer way up in the nineties, it is best for them to remain so, unless, indeed, some of our managers would follow the example of Mr. Mackay of the Madison Square, New York, and have their theatres cooled by fans and ice-tanks.

The work of improvement on the old Central Theatre is going on nicely. By the way, the name of the house is to be changed from the Central to the Monumental Theatre. The stage and orchestra have been lowered from the second to the first floor and a new gallery added, so that there will be now a seating capacity for 1,700 people. It is the intention of the management to raise the standard of the house, to prohibit drinking and smoking in the theatre, and to play nothing but first-class combs, and variety. We wish Manager Kernan success.

Michigan.

DETROIT.

There is absolutely nothing in the way of amusements at either Opera House, and the only thing booked for the immediate future is Talmage on the 16th. Tiddytwit will entertain his audience on "The Bright Side of Things." If he attempts to get off any of his standard jokes during such hot weather as this he may anticipate a cool reception. People won't laugh with the thermometer way up to 95 in the shade; and that is the way we are having it now. Henry Ward Beecher is coming a few weeks later, at the same house (Whitney's). Tony Pastor comes 24th. Forepaugh's Circus will be with us 23d and 24th.

Items: Gus Williams is spending his Summer vacation at Mt. Clements, and occasionally drops in on us to see how things are going on.—The new Music Hall is progressing finely; it is to be finished in September.—Manager G. A. Hough, who engaged the finished actor, John A. Lane, to open a new opera house at Grayling, Mich., on the 5th, returned to Detroit Wednesday, bringing the co. with him. Mr. Lane was supported by Harry Barton, Fanny Mountcastle, May Stanley, W. A. McConnell, D. F. Fox and others, and the co. speak in the highest terms of the hospitality of Grayling. Mr. Lane also appeared in the role of an orator on Monday, the 5th, reading the Declaration of Independence.

GRAND RAPIDS.

Powers' Opera House: Not open during past week, and will remain closed until 17th, when T. Dewitt Talmage lectures on "Big Blunders." Tony Pastor booked for 20th.

Items: Smith's Opera House closed 5th, and will not be reopened before the middle of August.—Prof. A. Anderson, who has been traveling with Haverly's Juvenile co. during the past season, has returned home to take a much needed rest.—Joel Levy is spending a few days with his many friends in the city.

MCKEON.

Opera House: Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" drew large houses 3d and 5th. Mason's Hall: Pinafore will be put on by local talent 9th.

Missouri.

ST. LOUIS.

Uhrig's Cave: Miles' Cincinnati Juveniles commenced an engagement July 4, and brought up business finely, their representation of The Little Duke being wonderfully creditable. It was the most ambitious effort ever made by children in St. Louis, and it was wonderful how perfectly they acquitted themselves in the matter of stage business and vocalism. It was evident that their training had been long and arduous, for the piece worked like a nicely oiled piece of machinery. To be sure the elements of significance and double entendre with which the piece abounds were missing in the hands of the youngsters, but a freshness and oddity were acquired which were exceedingly pleasant and amusing. The characters of the Duke and Duchess of Parthenay were excellently given by Misses Fannie and Sallie Cohen, two precocious and gifted little ladies. Master J. Lasker, a handsome, bright and talented lad evinced wonderful spirit as Montlandry, singing his music with a clear, sweet voice and acting with much grace and self-possession. Master Harry Wheeler as Frimousse was very funny; he has a genuine vis comica, and with a better stage repose will become a good comedian. The Directress was very intelligently done by little Fannie Tilton. The chorus was large and fine, the costumes very rich and the scenic setting excellent. Prof. A. Waldner directed the orchestra, and it was very satisfactory. Next week Pinafore will be revived and The Bells of Corneville is in preparation. Pickwick Theatre: This establishment remains closed for the present, there being no fresh announcements.

Miscellaneous: The Thalia Theatre has done well with Pinafore. Henri Laurent was Rackstraw, Frank Howard the Dick Dewdney, and Blanche Corelli the Josephine.—The female wrestlers, Marcia and Alba, are announced to take a benefit at the Theatre Comique on Saturday night.—Bostwick Reid, the swordswoman lately performing at Escher's Alhambra, was one of the attractions at the Scottish Games on July 5.—The Nathal troupe arrived in St. Louis on the 7th, and report a very successful season in the Northwest. Their future movements are undecided as yet. Agnes Storrs-Vedder has left the party.—On Saturday last J. G. Saville, manager of the Bijou Opera co., took a benefit at the Pickwick Theatre. The elegant little establishment was crowded, and 10 tons of The Spectre Knight and Ages Ago were given, with Charity Begins at Home in its entirety. The Bijous have done an enormous business in St. Louis considering the season, and they will always be warmly welcomed here.—Manager John Collins of Uhrig's Cave has filled out the time engaged by the Miles Juveniles by taking the regular co. to Cincinnati.—At Uhrig's it is announced that Charles Rogers and Mattie Vickers, with their co. of America's Mimics, will succeed Miles' Juveniles. After these the Abbey Spanish Students.—Notwithstanding the rupture between the manager of the Pickwick Theatre and the Nathal Opera troupe, it is stated that the translation of Plaque's Les Voligeurs will be presented at the Pickwick during the season. All hope it will be so, for report says that the opera in plot and music surpasses even The Bells of Corneville.—George McManus, treasurer of the Grand Opera House, has brought to the Fair Grounds in this city a Camera Obscura exhibition, and

it will prove remunerative.—Concerts are now given at Schneider's Garden twice a week, a slight charge being made for admission.

ST. JOSEPH.

Cole's Circus, to enormous business of course. Very hot, and correspondingly quiet.

Massachusetts.

SALEM.

The Willow Park: The opening of the amphitheatre, at the Willow Park, occurred 5th. The building was far from being completed. There was an immense crowd at the entrance in the afternoon, and Abner C. Goodell, President of the railroad company, induced Local Manager Moulton to take charge of the ticket office. The performance consisted of the comedy, Everybody's Friend, with Frank Wright as Major De Boots. He was excellent. There were large audiences at both performances that day. Balance of the week there was a large falling off. Wednesday afternoon not a ticket was sold, and consequently no performance was given. Wednesday and Thursday evening business did not improve, and the co. was discharged, and no performances were given on Friday or Saturday. Business at the dancing pavilion and restaurant was so poor on Saturday that but one car was run, and the last return trip was made at 9:15 p. m. The programme for the coming week is one which will draw, and I think Mr. Goodell must have let Mr. Wright use his judgment in getting it up. Among the artists engaged are Milt G. Barlow, Harris and Carroll, the Big Four (Smith, Waldron, Martin and Morton), and the Olympia Quartette. They will give the kind of a show people will go to see.

Items: A New York co., which announced among its members Jennie Reiffert, Ethel Linton, Will Bray and Julie Keene, was booked to play Snow-Bound at Mechanic Hall 6th, but did not even come to town or send word.—Joseph S. Foster was appointed janitor of Mechanic Hall at a recent meeting of the Directors. N. S. Andrews, who has been connected with the hall for years, and who has filled the late janitor's position since his death, was generally looked upon as sure of the appointment.—Charles C. Strout, who is with Manager Moulton during the regular season, has made an engagement with the Willows management for the Summer. Charlie is a hard worker, and is getting along finely.—The Little Corinne Opera co. will appear at the Willows early in August.—The Central House, of which the genial John Carney is managing clerk, and which gets most of the traveling theatrical patronage, is being enlarged, and the new dining-rooms will be the pleasantest in the city. John likes to treat the profession well, and knows how to do it.

Minnesota.

ST. PAUL.

Opera House: Tony Pastor's co. 1st, 2d, 3d, played to excellent business, drawing full houses at each performance. Some of the specialties were very good. The Rankin Brothers were well received and are favorites. The public enjoyed the performance throughout, as evidenced by the rounds of applause. D'Oyly Carte's Pirates of Penzance, Co. "C," opened 5th for three nights, and met with a very flattering reception; each night the house was filled by large and fashionable audiences, who were perfectly taken by the performance of this really excellent co. Minnie Walsh possesses a pleasing soprano voice, an easy, graceful presence, and was charming as Mabel, winning the hearts of her audience at once, and was nightly the recipient of repeated encores. Miss Chappelle, Miss Mitchell, Miss Perry and Mme. Motte were very pleasing and attractive in their several roles. Harry Standish as the Sergeant made a hit. L. P. Pfau, W. Gillow, W. Marks and C. T. Parr received a good share of applause. The chorus of fair daughters, pirates and policemen were exceedingly good, and certainly the finest that have been heard in this house for many years. They were repeatedly called to respond to encores. The piece is finely mounted and costumed, and the performance throughout highly satisfactory to the public. The gentlemanly manager, H. B. Lonsdale, made a host of friends in St. Paul, receiving many expressions of regret at the shortness of the engagement, and promises of a warm welcome should he again visit this city. No bookings at present.

Item: Barnum's Great Show is handsomely billed for the 9th.

New Jersey.

NEWARK.

Newark Opera House: Haverly's Mastodon played one week ending 10th, to small business. Waldmann has closed for the Summer season.

Waldmann's Mulberry Street Theatre: Ned Wambold and Etta May comb. of Female Minstrels and Specialty Artists.

New York.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Credentials for the coming season will be forwarded in a few days. The printer is a little behind hand.

BUFFALO.

We have had nothing whatever in the amusement line the past week, and no attractions as yet announced for the coming week. Dan Shelby has disposed of his interest in the Adelphi to Messrs. Tralles and Lang.

Mr. Shelby, in retiring from the amusement arena, gives as his reason ill health caused by too close confinement. The business has been a prosperous one, and Dan has laid by many an honest penny. His successors will doubtless fully maintain the excellent reputation that the Adelphi has attained.

KINGSTON.

Music Hall: Snelbaker and Benton's Majestic Consolidation of America's Premier Artists will appear at Music Hall August 27th and at Fox's Kingston Opera House 28th.

Items: Preparations are being rapidly pushed forward for the Grand Saengerfest, which promises to be the greatest music festival ever held along the Hudson. The Hudson. The citizens are subscribing liberally to the fund and everybody is looking forward to a grand time. A committee of the Eintracht Mannerchor of Albany, consisting of Christian Frank, William Beyer, Nick Wink, W. F. Jennings, J. Klotz, Aug. Muhlick and Jacob Heinmiller, were in town on Friday last to confer with the Kingston Social Mannerchor in regard to the arrangements of the approaching festival. The arrangements have so far progressed that I am able to announce the following: The exercises will be directed by Capellmeister Gruener of the Thalia Theatre, New York. The Arion Society of New York, Germania Mannerchor of Poughkeepsie, the Eintracht, Caecilia and Orpheus, Jr., Mannerchor of Albany, the Hudson and New-

burg Mannerchor, and some twenty smaller singing societies will be present. It is expected that the celebrated singers, Remertz and Graff, also Dr. Damrosch, will be present. All these will be the guests of the Kingston Social Mannerchor. The place where the exercises are to be held is a grove of maples upon the private grounds of Daniel E. Donovan, a public-spirited citizen of Kingston. The evening exercises will be held in the immense hall of the Twentieth Regiment Armory. August 23 and 24 will be gala days in the history of Kingston; all places of business, with the exception of the hotels, will be closed.

ROCHESTER.

Corinthian Academy of Music and Grand Opera House closed. The Philharmonic society of this city visited Toronto, Ont., 9th and 10th, and while there were the guests of the St. Andrew's Society. A grand musical entertainment was given on the evening of the 10th, which was attended by a very large and select audience. It is the unanimous opinion of all who had the pleasure of accompanying the excursionists that they had a grand time. The comments of the Toronto press are highly favorable of the efforts of the society from this city, and pronounce the concert one of the finest ever listened to in that city.

Leon H. Lempert, the well known scenic artist, has been engaged by Manager Leitch of the Corinthian to attend to the internal improvements of the Academy, and the selection of Mr. Lempert ensures the work being well done. Tony Pastor's comb. will appear at the Grand on their return from the West.

It is not definitely settled as to who is to be the local manager of the Grand for the coming season. A snap co. occupied the Grand 4th, presenting Enoch Arden in the afternoon and Streets of New York in the evening. Many of our rural friends were in attendance and pronounced the performance "splendid."

The MIRROR correspondent of this city, while on his recent visit to New York and vicinity, was entertained by Prof. William H. Morgan, the well known musician of Harlem, and is under many obligations to him for courtesies extended.

BATAVIA.

Theatricals in this locality are quiet. Mr. and Mrs. Courtney of the Bijou Opera House, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Riley of D'Oyly Carte's Pirates of Penzance co.; Miss Lucette, soprano in the Princess Toto co., are spending their Summer vacation here. They will give a concert at the Opera House, some time during the Summer. Capt. Lina Beecher, manager of the Western New York Theatrical Circuit, was in town 9th, making arrangements for next season. The MIRROR has the reputation here of being the best theatrical paper published, and additions are being made each week to the subscription list. It is for sale at Mackey Brothers' News Depot, No. 67 Main street.

ALBANY.

All the theatres are closed for the season, and nothing announced in the amusement line, except Howe's London Circus, which exhibits here 23d. The printing for this show is very attractive, and as we have had but one circus here this season, the London will do a large business.

Allen's Opera House: 5th, and 6th, Anna Hotchkiss's Prodiges gave a thoroughly pleasing and wonderful performance to a small audience. The co. will spend part of the season on Chautauque Lake. Billed: McGibben Family for 17th.

BINGHAMTON.

Nothing doing. The Great London Circus and Sanger's Menagerie are putting up some fine lithographs, but do not exhibit until the latter part of August.

The University Singers of New Orleans gave a fine entertainment 6th.

Ohio.

Highland House: The intense heat has seriously affected the business of the Collins and Short English Comic Opera co. The fact is to be deplored, as the troupe has given a very even and enjoyable performance. Donizetti's Elixir of Love is announced for the early part of the coming week, with Louisa Manfred, Blanche Adams, Stuart Harold, E. H. Dexter and Gustavus Hall in the cast. The Doctor of Alcantara and Box and Cox will be given later in the week, and will probably close the season.

Items: The management of the "People's Theatre" is giving a very fair vaudeville performance and meeting with liberal patronage. The following artists are billed for the current week: Ella Elliott, Peasley, Ryan and Vanatta, Etta Stors, Bothwick Reid, Blanche Stetson, and Jess and Starn.—Manager Louis Ballenberg of Pike's left for the East on the 11th, to complete his arrangements for the coming season.—Robert Stickney, of circus fame, is in the city.—Al Burnett and Helen Nash, reinforced by Prof. J. W. Sharpley, open a short season at Batavia, O., on the 11th.—Private advices from Bob Miles' Juvenile Opera co. report business as being very profitable. The troupe is at present in St. Louis, doing The Little Duke.—John Morrissey, manager of the Metropolitan Theatre of Louisville, departed for New York on the 10th.—The following comprise the co. in support of Julia A. Hunt: Giles Shine, W. H. Gould, Ion Arnold, Thad Shine, D. M. Larkin, Malcolm Jennings, Charles R. Blake, Helen Reimer, Vinnie Shannon, and Mrs. J. R. Healy. H. S. Hunt will officiate as treasurer, and L. D. Hunt as manager.—Charles N. Richardson, who is engaged for ensuing season as leading man of the Murray-Ober comb., is spending the Summer at Ashland, O.—Ada Fox, who threatens to resume starring shortly, is at present residing in Covington, Ky.—George W. Barnum, recently of the Volks Theatre, forms one of the Idlers who are doing the interior with fair success.—Robinson's Opera House will, during the Exposition, be occupied by the Kindly Bros., under the management of Bob Miles.—Ada Murray and George Ober are summering at Mt. Gilead, O., at which place the Murray-Ober comb. open the season Aug. 2.—Manager Snelbaker of the Vine Street Opera House left for the East on the 9th, to perfect his plans for the approaching campaign. Tom has not had as much experience in the show business as others I wot of, but he has a level head and knows an attraction when he sees one.—Albertine Hall has closed her season with the Rice Evangeline party and returned to her home in this city.—The dramatic fraternity here place little if any reliance upon any intelligence emanating from Byrne's sheet.

CLEVELAND.

Indoor amusements are at a very low ebb just now. The Opera House and Academy are both closed, and will probably remain so until next season. Haultworth's Garden is now the chief resort of amusement seekers, on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, when the regular concerts are given. The Orpheus Singing Society and Orchestra of Buffalo, assisted by the Cleveland Gesangverein and Germania Orchestra, give a grand concert and festival 15th, and on the following night a complimentary benefit will be tendered Master Max Bendig, a young violinist of unusual talent, and the son of Prof. William Bendig, leader of the Academy orchestra. T. Dewitt Talmage lectures 14th, at the Tabernacle, and the Saroni Burlesque troupe appear this week at the Comique. The walking and running races at Haverly's Mastodon Pavilion attract goodly crowds. The Summer excursion boats are liberally patronized, and in various other ways the average Cleveland finds consolation for the lack of theatrical entertainment.

CHILLICOTHE.

Opera House: Curtis' Spanish Students 16th and 17th. Robert Stickney's Circus is billed for 16th.

Items: Miss Helan Theares, under the management of Harry Gilbert, made a balloon ascension 3d.—Manager Kaufman of the Opera House illuminated the city with calcium lights 5th.—Thomas Dayton and wife are here spending a couple of weeks with their relatives.—W. C. Hamilton, Treasurer of the Grand Opera House, Columbus, is home spending his vacation.

SANDUSKY.

Amusements at a standstill. The Opera House management has undergone a change. William Stoffel succeeding J. Biemiller, who, owing to ill-health, is recuperating on the Continent. Mr. Stoffel has already booked a number of first class companies, among them being Mary Anderson, Fanny Davenport, Robson and Crane, Alice Oates, Tony Pastor's co. appear August 19: Forepaugh's Great Show August 5.

Pennsylvania.

PITTSBURG.

Since my last report nothing has transpired to mar the monotony of intense stagnation which has pervaded amusement circles in this city for the past few weeks. All the regular houses are closed up tight, and— with the exception of a benefit which will shortly be tendered Charles La Forrest at Library Hall—nothing is announced ahead. Notwithstanding this present inactivity, good work is being performed for the future, and Pittsburgh may be treated, during the coming Fall and Winter to a succession of weekly attractions equal to those of any city in the country. An effort will be made to bring Library Hall into popularity, by presenting strong attractions in succession. This house has suffered greatly during the past few seasons on account of not being represented in New York. This fact has been the cause of much trouble to the management, in the way of filling dates and having contracts executed. The matter has been adjusted, I am informed, and Library Hall will start in next Fall upon a solid basis. With competent management, and a proper representative in New York, there is every reason to believe that Library Hall will be a success. Among the attractions already booked may be noted the Strakosch and Hess Opera co. Items: Harry Ellsler and wife have gone to the seashore.—Maud Atkinson is resting at her home in Allegheny City. She has just closed her engagement with the Murray-Ober Comedy co.—The following persons will participate in the benefit shortly to be tendered Charles La Forrest: Maggie Mulhlanbring, Lotta Griffin, Carrie Howard, Mamie Rueck, J. N. Gotthold, Harry Rueck, Sid. Ellis, John Ogden, William Lavelle, Harry Wilson, Prof. William Guenther, J. H. Fitzpatrick, and Eugene Eberle.

PHILADELPHIA.

Permanent Exhibition: July 14 and 17, Zimmerman's Juvenile Opera co. will sing the entire opera of Fatinitza, when large audiences are expected, as the price of admission is very low. Maennerchor Garden: The Maennerchor concerts are becoming a greater success every week. Alhambra: Keating and Sands, Lord and Van Leer, D'Alve Sisters and Reno Steadman. Items: Wood's is to undergo thorough renovation and repair. Four private boxes will be built, and there is to be entirely new scenery. The house reopens August 1.—August 16, Walnut reopens for a preliminary season, with Uncle Tom's Cabin.—Miller's Winter Garden is undergoing renovation.—Frank Moran is ill at his residence in this city.

Texas.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Credentials for the coming season will be forwarded in a few days. The printer is a little behind hand.

BREXHAM.

Following are a few engagements for coming season: Big Four Minstrels Oct. 15th; R. E. Stevens' Child of the State comb. 27th; New York Criterion Comedy co. Nov. 24th; Rantz-Santley Novelty co. Dec. 1; Agnes Robertson, 23d.

Virginia.

RICHMOND.

Theatre: The Richmond Negro Pinafore co. will give one performance 12th. This troupe is composed exclusively of negro talent, and their rendition of the opera, while it is not the best we have seen, is highly creditable. Items: Charles L. Seigle left the city Monday to make arrangements for the appearance of his opera co. in different parts of this State and North Carolina.—Siegle's English Opera co. will go from here to Danville, Winston, N. C., Greensboro, Lynchburg, Va., Charlottesville, Staunton, Lewisburg, W. Va., and then to the different Springs. The co., which will start about August 1, is composed as follows: Mme. Caroline Richings-Bernard, prima-donna; Miss Amy Rogers, mezzo-soprano; E. W. Hoff, primo-tenore; Pierre Bernard, primo-tenore; Joseph Greenfelder, basso-profundo, and Prof. E. V. Caulfield, accompanist. The repertoire consist of: Il Trovatore (Verdi), Double Echelle (A. Thomas), Martha (Flotow), Les Noces de Jeannette (Masse), Box and Cox (Arthur Sullivan), and The Duchess, a new opera in two acts, libretto by Caroline Richings, music by Pierre Bernard. It will be produced for the first time by this co. Before their departure, they will give two performances in this city at Mozart Hall, 30th and 31st.

Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE.

Grand Opera House: Daly's Royal Middy co. gave a most pleasing rendition of that opera July 1, 2, 3. The co. is an excellent one in every respect. Catherine Lewis makes a very charming Gypsy and Middy. Miss Delano and Miss Lancelles were good. J. E. Brand as Don Januario carried himself

capitally. Mr. Smith as Don Domingas acted most carefully. Alonzo Hatch as Don Lamberto was very good; he has a clear tenor voice. The music is sprightly and varied. The duets and quartets were well rendered, the costumes magnificent. The Game of Chess was quite a feature. The Chorus of Middles was very attractive and well drilled. The attendance was not what it ought to have been, though they had pay performances. Those who witnessed the performances were highly pleased. Tony Pastor returned 5th for two performances, and was received by crowded houses. The programme was but slightly changed from previous appearance. Daly's Royal Middy goes to Chicago for three weeks. J. I. Litt, treasurer for Messrs. Numanmacher & Marsh for the past two years, has associated himself with McFarlane, manager of Opera House at Racine, and organized a circuit of the principal cities within a few miles radius of Milwaukee, and intend playing first class shows. The venture will no doubt prove successful, as the places all boast of good theatres and halls and populations from ten to twenty-five thousand. At any rate I wish them prosperity. Mr. Marsh has gone to Chicago for a week.

MADISON.

Opera House: Gilbert and Sullivan's Pirates, "C." co., came 9th to a good house. The play was well presented, and gave the best of satisfaction. Business has been very satisfactory despite the intense heat.

Items: The Great Inter Ocean Circus exhibited here on the 5th to crowded performances. The ring performance is of a superior character. The animal department is weak. J. S. Davis, the gentlemanly press agent, is very courteous in his dealings with the press, and deserves the thanks of the fraternity.—Louise Bliss and B. S. Hodges are spending their vacation here.

BELOIT.

Nothing booked for July or August. In September we are to have the several combs, under the Gulick-Bissell management, and being embraced in the Litt & McFarlane's Wisconsin circuit, the outlook is favorable for a prosperous season.

Canada.

HAMILTON.

Dundurn Park: 7th, the Popular Dime co. played Ben Bolt to a large audience.

TORONTO.

Horticultural Gardens: Mr. Pitou announces the engagement for four nights, beginning 13th, of Abbey and Hickey's Spanish Students.

Nova Scotia.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Credentials for the coming season will be forwarded in a few days. The printer is a little behind hand.

HALIFAX.

The Ideal opera co. performed Chilperic afternoon and evening of the 1st to fair houses, and on the evening 2d the co. gave their last performance, which was for the benefit of Miss Martinot, to a large house. They performed three pieces, Little Rebel, Maid with the Milking Pail, and Mephistopheles, Jr. William Nannary, who has been playing in St. John, N. B., for some time past, will open at the Academy of Music on the 26th inst.

Macauley's Theatre.

[Louisville Argus.]

The marshal of the Chancery Court is now advertising for sale, on July 19, at 11 o'clock, at the Court House, the building known as Macauley's Theatre, the personal property, such as scenic effects, etc., having already been sold some weeks ago to G. W. Norton & Co. The sale takes place under a judgment rendered in the Chancery Court in favor of G. W. Norton & Co. and other creditors against B. Macauley. The marshal says that the amount to be raised for plaintiffs is \$36,257.14; for cross plaintiffs \$22,590.30; for deed, advertising and commission \$698.44; total \$59,545.88. The purchaser will be required to give bond with good security.

With the sale Mr. Barney Macauley's entire interest in the theatre ceases, at least so far as his ownership is concerned. It is not probable either that he will manage the place. If he should not, it is likely that John Macauley, than whom a better man could not be found, will run it. It would indeed be a misfortune to have the theatre entirely closed. It is not known who the bidders are apt to be, but should it be purchased by the heaviest creditors they will in all probability lease the theatre to the Macauleys if they wish it.

Macauley's Theatre was finished just before the panic of 1873, and opened the Fall of that year with great eclat. It cost about \$150,000 for the ground and the construction of the building, which is one of the handsomest of the kind in the country. Mr. Barney Macauley has paid out over \$120,000 of his own hard-earned money since the completion of the building, and seven years afterward stands bereft of both building and money. This is a rather hard thing to contemplate, and Mr. Macauley has the undoubted sympathy of the public with him in his misfortune.

The primary cause of his pecuniary trouble was the panic which brought on hard times just at the opening of the theatre, when he anticipated the realization of the brightest sort of possibilities. With the hard times came other troubles, which he does not care to make public, and which weighed him down until latterly he became unable to pay either interest or principal. An Argus representative had a talk with Mr. Macauley the other day, but he declined to say anything for publication. Toward the citizens of Louisville he stated, however, that if he had not been burdened with other difficulties their support might have enabled him to have gone on.

He expects to travel the coming season, as he has in the past two years, and if he does not manage the theatre, which he considers very improbable and hardly possible, he will at least play an engagement in this city. He starts out this coming season as a new man, without a dollar of the money he has earned in past years, and unnumbered by debts. It is the hearty wish of everybody that he have a successful tour the coming year, and that he may continue to make this city his home. And we also add that we believe it would gratify the patrons of the theatre if John Macauley should be allowed to run the place, by the purchaser, whoever he may be.

THE THEATRES OF PARIS.

PROSPECTS OF THE COMING AMUSEMENT SEASON—MANAGERS ALREADY IN ACTIVE PURSUIT OF NOVELTIES—NEW PIECES AND NEW STARS—"NANA" DRAMATIZED—THE CAPRICIOUS SARA BERNHARDT.

PARIS, July 3.—Dramatic art is a good deal like an apple orchard. Some seasons the crop is good, at others wretched, and we have just finished one which I hope will prove more satisfactory to the farmers than it has been to theatrical critics and play-goers. Nothing much worse has ever been known; not one piece has been produced which is worthy to remain in the repertory of any establishment, and if great hopes were not held out of brilliant things for next Winter, I should say that playwrights having exhausted themselves, nothing is left for managers except gladiatorial exhibitions, to which, as I have always maintained, the Parisian stage must ultimately be devoted. But hope keeps up our spirits, and really, if all the promises made be kept, the coming campaign, which will open in September, is big with sensational productions unparalleled in theatrical annals. The Opera was to have brought out Ambroise Thomas's *Frangoise de Rimini* in the Autumn, but the composer of *Mignon*, either because he cannot arrange for a satisfactory interpretation of its score, or because he fears comparison with *Aida* until the chief charm—for French audiences—of that chief d'œuvre novelty be worn off, has once more asked for time. However, failing *Frangoise*, there are to be two or three new ballets and several new revivals, and, finally, Gounod's *Tribut de Zamorra*, which has been on the stocks nearly as long as was *L'Africaine*; and when launched may prove to be as heavy and unmelodious as Gounod's last composition, *Polyeucte*. The Opera Comique will offer a new lyric effort by the authors of that very indifferent yet very successful affair, *Jean de Nivelle*, also *The Comtes d'Hoffmann*, which, I believe, is M. Offenbach's first flight at higher game than musical extravaganza. What the Odéon will achieve with its new manager we are not told positively, but M. Le Roux has run this machine before quite creditably, and I hear mysterious hints about something extraordinary, in blank verse, which will efface all memory of the only piece with some claims to merit, *Noces d'Attin*, wherewith Duquesnel closed his administration across the Seine. M. Duquesnel was rather shabbily treated by the Ministry of Fine Arts, I should rather say the Department of Fine Arts, as its chief is only an Under Secretary of State, but he comforts himself with the reflection that as the Chatelet is not a subsidized institution, he will be more independent, and can launch into speculative expenses to which there might be some demerit at headquarters. Michel Strogoff, an adaptation of Jules Verne's geographical novel, is to be the great attraction at the Chatelet, and as spectacular dramas always draw, especially when gotten up as M. Duquesnel does get up his pieces, the adventures of the Czar's courier may turn out to be a *Pactolus*. It is true that *The Ambre de Noel* at the Porte St. Martin must be a dangerous rival, as *The Christmas Tree* is written by three collaborators of great experience in fairy plays, and will be further recommended by Cheret's beautiful scenic effects and M. Lecocq's music.

The Ambigu has concluded a satisfactory arrangement with the adapters of M. Zola's "Nana." For the information of my readers I will mention that Nana is the daughter of Gervaise, the heroine of the "Assommoir," and that if the incidents of this drama attracted by their vulgarity and bestial profligacy, those of "Nana" will attract by their obscenity and nastiness. Until Nana be ready to make her appearance, it is supposed that the old stock of blood-and-thunder inventions will suffice to pay expenses, as Summer audiences are less heedful of grammar and logic than of emotional situations in which vice is discovered and virtue rewarded; the positions may be reversed occasionally, but this is of no consequence so that there be a scene of recompense and punishment and a few murders. The programme of the Varieties will be like preceding programmes on the Boulevard Montmartre; first *Judith*, then *Celine Chautmont*, with now and then an extra; the names of their pieces matter nothing. Not being able to penetrate the arcana of futurity, I cannot give the titles which will be chosen for the half-dozen operettas announced to follow *The Mousquetaires au Convent*, at the Bouffes, but I am assured that they will be uncommonly jolly and piquant. The Vaudeville had counted on Sara Bernhardt, but must wait until another twelvemonth. Meanwhile, Dumas and Sardou have promised something original. The Renaissance will open with *Belle Lurette*, an operetta by Blum, Voche, and Offenbach, and continue with another, whose authors are Melbae, Halevy, and Lecocq. M. Herve has written the music for *The Voyage en Amerique*, a "transatlantic fantasia," in five acts, by M. Raymond and Boucheron, who have given the principal role to M. Brasseur's new star, Mlle. Humberta. M. Montreux has several amusing vaudevilles in rehearsal for the Athenes, where, for the first time, he will not get up a review. Lacorne, Herve, and R. Bert Planquette have arranged for three operettas at the Folies Dramatiques; M. Briet will do his best to show himself a better manager of the Palais Royal; M. Dormeuil is preparing another Thespian temple on the site of the defunct Theatre des Arts, and we are awaiting anxiously for the debuts of M. Koning, the successor of M. Montigny in the direction of the Gymnase, where, among other talent, that greatest of all actresses of gentle comedy, Mme. Pasca, has been engaged.

I have placed the Comedie Francaise at the foot of the list intentionally; the Maison de Moliere could stand at the head, but I

can thus take up the Sara Bernhardt question, which was settled on Saturday by the condemnation of her eccentricity to the payment of 100,000 francs, plus costs, for breach of contract, plus the forfeiture of the 44,000 francs of the society. But before taking up this affair I will mention that although M. Perrin has lost his greatest asset, he has not lost courage. Bartet, Croizette, Madeleine Brohan, and Broizat are still at his disposal, and, with the two Coquelines, Delannay, Worms and Mounet-Sully, not to speak of a score more whose names are less known to fame, he can still boast of having the best dramatic company in the world. Paul Delar's Garin will be the first play of the season of 1880-81; then Madeleine Brohan, Croizette and Delannay will interpret the leading parts of Paul Deroued's *La Monnaie*, and, later, M. Emile Augier will announce the name of an original comedy, written by him expressly for the Rue du Richelieu. M. Augier is disappointed that Mlle. Bernhardt cannot be there to make his success a certainty, but Sara will then be across the briny deep, where, she fancies, she has only to be seen in order to conquer. I have an immense admiration for Sara's genius as an actress; she is the equal of Rachel in any of Rachel's parts, although her conception of them is altogether different and, when she pleases, she excels in parts which Rachel would never have ventured to attempt; as a painter and a sculptress Sara is a fraud, and I do not believe ever did more than stick on a half-portion of color on any picture or knock off a bit of rough marble from any of the half-dozen works which have appeared with her signature at the Salon. Sara's great charm is her voice, with its wonderful intonation, and as with this she unites the power of completely identifying herself with the character she personates, her acting becomes nature. Still, I have my doubts whether she may not encounter deceptions in her American career; she is terribly whimsical; a quarrel with her maid, a difference of opinion with one of her dogs, might put her out of humor with New York, as similar incidents have done in Paris, and make her either play carelessly or refuse to play at all until her vapors have passed, and in that case a harsh criticism of her performance would cause her to break her engagement. She had no good reason for a rupture with the Theatre Francaise, at least none more valid than that she was tired of the establishment, and yet she has abandoned the fruits of her eighteen years' labors, risked all the consequences entailed by the desertion, simply because a few newspapers presumed to say that in *The Adventurere* she was not equal to her reputation. Sara's difficulty does not stand alone in the annals of the Theatre Francaise; Mlle. Mars, Samson, and Ségier had their suits with the Maison de Moliere; Mlle. Plessy, in 1845, and Mlle. Rachel, in 1849, were prosecuted for resigning illegally. Mlle. Plessy, who left the Rue Richelieu for St. Petersburg, was obliged to pay 200,000 francs for her escapade, and finally returned to end her dramatic existence where it had begun. Rachel was more fortunate; her lawyer, M. Delangle, who had resumed his profession of barrister after the Revolution of 1848, proved that his client's talents had earned 2,478,482 francs, and the Court, taking this circumstance into consideration, gave judgment in favor of the defendant, who finally compromised with the society by signing an engagement of one additional year for the salary of 42,000 francs. Sara had no such plea to urge as Hermione, and M. Allou, who represented the plaintiffs, was uncommonly severe, and, while praising her gifted nature, insisted particularly upon the inconsistencies of her character, upon her ingratitude toward the public. Her life, he said, has been one constant succession of triumphs, but she seems to have retained something of that exquisite role in which she first appeared at the Odéon, and the melodious voice of Sara Bernhardt murmurs ever like Zanetto in the *Pasquet*.

Je suis un être peu pratique,
Je vais par là; mais si la route
Se croise de chemins qui me semblent meilleurs
Eh bien, j'en prends le plus charmant; et va
J'ai mon caprice pour seul guide, et je voyage
Comme la feuille morte et comme le nuage.

These lines may serve as an epigraph to the suit; everything is the result of some caprice; within four and twenty hours her resolutions may change a dozen times. Sara Bernhardt was engaged at the Comedie Francaise in 1872; in 1875 she became a full member of its society, and in 1879 a full member, which rapid promotion, not only contrary to the customs, but also to the regulations of the theatre, was managed after a long negotiation between M. Perrin and the Minister of Fine Arts, on account of her exceptional talents, although, during the eight years of her connection with the establishment, she had played but 910 times, whereas M. Got counted 1,499 performances, Coquelin 1,371, Mlle. Reichenberg 1,319, and Mlle. Croizette 983. Her first row was in 1878, when she and several of her colleagues made an engagement for Brussels, and only bethought them, at the last moment, that a very important formality had been neglected, to wit, their manager's permission. Sara was chosen as intermediary, and wrote a very pretty letter—produced in court—of which the concluding paragraph was: "I kiss you and love you, with or without permission."

M. Perrin, of course, consented, and nothing serious happened until the next year, when she undertook to change the play-bills in London so as to suit her own private arrangements for parlor representations, and inserted an advertisement in the *Times* announcing that she was open to offers for private performances on her own account. The Administrator interfered, and, with infinite trouble, induced her to change her conduct. But the moral effect was produced, and soon after another quarrel arose from her refusal to play in Jean Aycard's *Hommage a Shakespeare*, which was intended as a sort of prologue to the French repertory. A few days later, on the 5th of June, she sent in her resignation, based upon her alleged persecution by the French press, which was incited by the other artists of the company. This letter was courteous, and even affectionate, and was replied to, in the same strain, by M. Perrin, who begged her most earnestly to remain, and assured her "of his unalterable esteem and affection." This happened on the 1st of July; on the 3d of July came another communication, in which, although "she pressed his hand affectionately," she threatened "to break things if there was no other way of leaving London." So she left London, but withdrew her resignation, probably biding her time until something positively advantageous should turn up, for, capricious as I consider Mlle. Bernhardt, I do not consider her at all mad, or, at least, a methodless mad woman. There was great tension all Winter; a constant ap-

prehension that a decisive squabble was ready, yet she played magnificently up to the evening of the revival of *The Adventurere*. Sara had requested the part of Clorinda quite as much to keep every other actress out of it, as because she expected to add another creation to her long list. It had not been written for her; it was not suitable to her peculiar style, thought the author, M. Augier; but she insisted, and author and manager yielded. Her performance was not good; the critics pointed out her shortcomings, and Sara got angry, and refused ever again to appear on the boards of the Comedie Francaise. Such is the affair so far as any one knows; but there is some mystery at the bottom of it all which no one has yet fathomed. Augier was perfectly satisfied with her performance; declared publicly that she had played as well as she had ever done, and that when he saw her, after the fall of the curtain, she seemed delighted with her success, and promised "to repeat again on Tuesday, and do even better if I can." What happened on the intervening Sunday? asks M. Emile Augier in his letter to M. Perrin. In most complications the clue is supposed to be some woman; in Sara's case, perhaps, I might apply a paraphrase of the old saw, and say, *cherchez l'homme*.

Planche and the Fun of His Time.

Socially Mr. Planche was the most popular of men, and may be considered to have led a life of exceptional happiness among the witty and prettiest of his time. Few men have been more beloved by their generation—it might be fairly said by several generations, for Mr. Planche lived through several artistic periods. Part of his popularity was undoubtedly due to his kindly and honorable nature, essentially frank, open, and generously ready to give much honor wherever a very little was honestly due. But it is almost certain that such good gifts as these do not always meet with the ample recognition they deserve, unless indeed they happen to be allied with more showy qualities. Now, Mr. Planche preserved, even under the harassing ailment which preceded his death, a quality which daily becomes more rare. He was always the last depository of a tradition. He had a gaiety of disposition, a lightness of heart, which neither pain nor age could quell. Like Charles Mathews the younger, he conveyed to the mind of the present a clear idea of the mental condition of a past generation—that of Moore, Hook, Alvanley, and the rest. The admirable comedian just referred to told the writer—who took leave to doubt whether "laughter and wit" ever went "flashing around the Mahogany Tree," as suggested in Thackeray's famous song—that the characteristic of the Hook period was essentially gaiety and flowing spirits. When questioned as to the "wit," which flashed round, he confessed that the things said, when remembered at all, did not seem so good when "taken cold"—that they would not bear writing down and thinking over, like Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "good things," for instance. The general average of the conversation was by no means high intellectually. It was, as Mathews insisted, not the matter but the manner—quite an actor's view, by the way.

People certainly, at the time spoken of, drank a great deal of wine, and this practice may have helped to make a little wit go a long way; but neither of the last survivors of the period, Mathews and Planche, was a wine-bibber. But they insisted that people were gayer and pleasanter of old than now, when mild cheerfulness is the nearest approach to gaiety permissible. Perhaps what this age has gained in decorum it has lost in lightness of heart. Mathews said as much. Mr. Planche rather implied it than said so outright, and perhaps felt the change less than his contemporary by reason of his own greater natural stock of good humor. Curiously, however, this cheeriest of veterans, whose extravaganzas are full of quip and crank and pleasant banter, was no sayer of good things—no tormenter of words like Mr. Burnand, no inveterate of thought like Mr. Gilbert. His estimate of fun was, from his very good nature and willingness to be pleased, by no means trustworthy. As the writer was gossiping with him over the marriage of the Duke of Connaught, the talk turned in the direction of court pageantry generally. Mr. Planche held—as, by his position as Somerset Herald, he was perhaps bound to do—that royalty must have its trappings. "You recollect," he said, "the good joke, don't you? Majesty without its surroundings becomes a jest." And he laughed heartily, with that sense of keen enjoyment which is so gratifying to the hearer. That person, however, could hardly do more than force a sympathetic utterance from the poor little jockey—surely the most rickety offspring of a willing brain that ever made a man of undoubted talent hold his sides. This readiness to be amused endeared Mr. Planche to all who knew him. Living as he did among persons endowed with the artistic temperament, together with all its childish vanities and weaknesses, he always had a smile and a pleasant word for everybody; the patience bred of perfect courtesy, as well as the cheeriness of a kind-hearted gentleman—"all of the olden time."

The Husband to His Latchkey.

("Omnium Gatherum" in S. F. Argonaut.)

I. Have I lost thee, my latchkey, or was I so green
As to leave thee, this morning, behind?
No, thou hast but concealed thee my watch-coat between
And the texture by which it is lined.
Thou hast rubbed a great hole in my pocket, I see,
I have worn thee so long near my heart;
And that must be looked to, to morrow, my key.
Or else we are likely to part.
II. I believe we left home at a quarter to noon,
And here we're again at our door.
I don't know what the time is exactly,
But I expect we shall hear it strike four.
I can not conceive what on earth I should do,
My latchkey, if I were not for thee:
For I never get home of a night before two,
And not very often till three.
And here, till I woke all the street with the row,
In vain I might hammer and ring.
At one time my wife would sit up for me;
Now,
Oh, catch her at any such thing!
III. But thou art no changed one, my latchkey,
And so,
Since I find it's beginning to rain—
By thy leave, gentle keyhole—Eh! What?
Here's a go!
That woman has put up the chain!

DION BOUCAULT.

SKETCH OF THE GREAT DRAMATIST, ACTOR, AUTHOR AND MANAGER—A FAMILY PICTURE.

[London World.]

"Then Nina will go the theatre with papa;" and the speaker twines her arm round papa's neck and lays her pretty face against his closely shaven cheek. "And Nina will go on in the wake scene," continues the graceful girl, now at that happy age at which the sprightly beauty of the child has not yet made way for the more sedate elegance of young-ladyhood. Nina is the youngest of three daughters, all three of whom were till this moment working diligently at some plain sewing, not fancy work, but straightforward, plain sailing apparently over several miles of material. Of the two remaining daughters of Mr. Dion Boucault one is Mrs. Calthrop, whose fair-haired boy has made off with grandpapa's hat and cane, and the other is Patrice—Miss Boucault—who have just determined to go to the opera to-night, an opportunity for going to the theatre with papa at once seized by Nina, for whom the stage has the same magic glamor as for the little folks "in front." As the baby boy in the capital old Irish story was taken to the duel and held up in his nurse's arms "to see papa fight," so was little Nina taken to see papa act, without the faintest idea of fostering a desire for acting in her youthful mind; but the profession appears to have invincible attractions for her all the same. The centre of the family group is a man of middle height, very neatly and compactly built, lithe and active, a young man with his hat on, a middle aged one with it off. He wears a blue yachting suit and a broad white falling collar, with a breastpin bearing the device, "Fay ce que voudras," with a jaunty air, and hardly fulfils the ideal of a dramatic author who made a great hit in 1841 with *London Assurance*, and invented *Dazzle* and *Lady Gay Spanker*. To the present generation of play-goers the famous cast of Mr. Dion Boucault's first comedy represents little but names. They have, it is true, seen the late Mr. Mathews and Mr. Anderson, but only in their decadence, and the Mr. Farren they know is the son of the original Sir Harcourt Courtly; Mrs. Nisbett and Mme. Vestris are among the traditions of the stage.

Beginning as a dramatic author before he was legally of age, Mr. Boucault was so youthful and plastic that he permitted the distinguished company who performed his first comedy to play so many tricks with it that it has gone down to history as "the actors' play" par excellence. At the moment of its production the additions and excisions suggested by the actors appeared to be in consonance with the public taste of the time; but this verdict has hardly been indorsed by succeeding generations, each of which takes less heed of Boucault's juvenile performance. Since he wrote *London Assurance* he has produced many excellent stage plays, and, moreover, has become himself an actor. He was burning to act in his first play. But influences were brought to bear upon him which he found difficult to resist, and it was not till eleven years later that he made his debut at the Princess's Theatre, under Mr. Charles Kean's management, in *The Vampire*. This piece was a readaptation of the old French melodrama already twice adapted by the late Mr. Planche, once as a play and once as an opera, and medium of introduction of the celebrated "Vampire trap." As produced at the Princess's it was something more than "sensational." It frightened the audience, or at least part of it, out of its wits.

It is curious that such an excellent writer of bright dialogue as Mr. Boucault should be equally celebrated for his knowledge of the mechanical requirements of the stage. The skill which subsequently produced two of the greatest scenes in the *Colleen Bawn* and *Arrah-na-Pogue* was shown in the adaptation of *The Corsican Brothers*, played at the Princess's Theatre. Mr. Boucault not only made the best adaptation of this remarkable play—the same that is about to be produced at the Lyceum Theatre by Mr. Irving—but superintended the making of the machinery by aid of which the ghost of the dead Des Franchis glides ascendingly across the stage to marrow-freezing music. Stage carpenters have lost the tradition of this telling bit of stage management, and Mr. Boucault has to teach those of the Lyceum Theatre over again. As an author Mr. Boucault has proved at once so fertile and various that the compass of an ordinary article would be required to enumerate the pieces he has written, translated and adapted. His knowledge of stage requirements is enormous, and fond as he is—like most persons endowed with the faculty of writing—of putting good dialogue wherever there is room for it, he never lets a love of talk interfere with dramatic effect. Like some other distinguished dramatists he takes time over his plots, and writes carefully up to his great scenes. On those he relies, and spares neither time nor pains in their elaboration. The less important matter is brightened by wit, humor and an infusion of poetry, but it is on his great effects that Mr. Boucault depends, and it is on those that he ponders while smoking cigars of portentous length and formidable calibre.

Perhaps, however, he is seen most completely in his element on the stage—not alone as actor, but as author, manager, stage manager and prompter as well. He is at rehearsal absolute monarch of all he surveys. His company cannot pool-pool his views, for he is an actor; they cannot make many suggestions to an author who can act every part in the piece they are rehearsing; they cannot rebel against the all-powerful manager. It is not merely force majeure that they would be obliged to contend against, but superior knowledge of the matter in hand. The carpenters and property-men are equally likely to be told any detail of their business. They are told whether a bookcase is to be "profile" or "made up," what is to be on the top of it, and so forth; and if there is to be a railway station scene, must be prepared to see all their stage make-believes put on one side and real properties insisted upon. At a first rehearsal all this detail is gone into in the most exhaustive manner. There is a particular spot on

which the table and the chairs must stand, and as the first lady enters she is told exactly what she is to do, where to walk, sit and "display." The meaning of every line and every situation is fully explained. "Not there," the author will say; "don't you understand she is in there?" Then comes a stamp of the foot and "Do listen! Don't blunder by knocking your head against words without thinking." A few minutes later an actor, who ought to know better, speaks his words first and makes the appropriate gesture afterward. Mr. Boucault is down upon him directly. "Please to recollect this—on the stage your pantomime must always precede your words, for the simple reason that the eye is quicker than the ear."

Then comes a more serious piece of work. The first lady is to be instructed in her part. She is clever, but young, and appears to require much advice. "Now, dear," (the technical "dear" always used at rehearsal), "you come in at this door, display and then stand on this chair looking at the picture of a man in a wig which will hang there. Let the train of your gown fall down to the ground. Very well. Now you display, and when you take the chair—not so close, please—you sprawl slightly toward him." The actor comes a great deal too close to the young lady. "No, no. Further off, and edge toward her by degrees as she encourages you." Then to the lady: "Now for that bit of gush. In this kind of tone. And keep your eyes up to the chandelier. Don't forget your eyes on the chandelier. Not at first. Not like that. But at the words 'Oh, that voice!' your eyes must go up to the chandelier and remain fixed." Next comes an actor who repeats something in a monotonous tone. "No, no; that is a quotation from Addison. You must give it thus. Please recollect this dialogue is epigrammatic and must be given with some point and effect." Five minutes later it is: "Now, dear, this is a most difficult bit of acting. You are supposed to be imitating the learned counsel to his own face. This is how you should push back an imaginary wig and hitch up an imaginary gown. Look here; like this." And so on, hour after hour, rehearsing bit by bit over and over again, till lookers-on wonder at the vivacity and physical strength which carry Mr. Boucault through such a morning's work.

Rehearsal, however, of a new piece and the regular duty of playing *Conn in The Shaughraun* at night by no means make up the actor-author-manager's working day. When the long, weary rehearsal is over, there is an author to be grappled with. This gentleman is coming to read his new play in the afternoon, and must be courteously listened to at least. There are letters, too, to be answered from innumerable aspirants for dramatic fame, who are convinced that what they lack is not genius, talent, industry or training, but a part written expressly for them by Mr. Boucault. This long enduring gentleman is told at least twice a day that it is his fault that genius (handicapped by a widowed mother, paralyzed except as to appetite) is suffered to languish among the tares, while a plot of good ground laid out by him would restore to affluence a suffering family, whose sole dependence is on the genius of Miss Montrose St. Yvon, whose rosy—too artificially rosy—lips refuse to pronounce an "h" in the right place. Moreover, there is a heap of letters from "the other side" to answer, and a little to be done between whiles to the great Irish drama that we are to look for this Autumn. Mr. Boucault is of the opinion, not uncommon among dramatists, that he has this time hit upon a genuine original high-class drama, with situations which shall throw even *The Colleen Bawn* and *Arrah-na-Pogue* into the shade. Ireland is to be shown to us from a new point of view, and Irish character in an entirely new light. There is, it seems, an Irish analogue of Grandet and Harpagon, the acquisitive Celt, eager to found a family and see honor shed upon his firstborn. It is this proud, ambitious, hungry Celt that we are to shake hands with in the place of Myles-na-Coppaleen, Conn and Shaun the Post. Mr. Boucault is to produce a new Irishman, whose character he has studied for four years past. The new play, *Invaderogue*, has advanced so far that two magnificent scenes are made sure of, one of which will assuredly add to the already high reputation of its author. As if the multifarious occupations of author, actor and manager were not sufficient, Mr. Boucault writes letters to the New York newspapers. He is, in fact, an active, energetic, restless American, albeit he is only an adopted citizen of the United States.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.—A good story is told of Frank Rae, while playing with the Bandmann company at Portland, Oregon. He was cast for Polonius in *Hamlet*, and, having occasion to read Hamlet's love missive to Ophelia in the Queen's hearing, gave instructions to the prompter to have the letter written out in a bold and "clerkly" hand, to save study and his eyes at the same time. When evening came, and the cue for reading the letter, he found the MS. in "demnition cramped and weak chirography." Polonius managed the first line, but could go no further. With the utmost sangfroid he turned to Hamlet's mother and said, as if speaking the text: "Your Majesty must excuse me. I am growing old; my eyesight is failing. I must use my glasses." Saying this, he deliberately fitted his "aids to his failing eyesight," on the bridge of his manly nose, and read the letter successfully to the close. But he "broke up the Queen."

"Said Cupid to Me."

Said Cupid to me, "Come hither and see
That lady in ringlets so bright, boy."
Said I, with a nod to the knowing young god,
"She puts them in paper at night, boy."
"But," said Cupid to me, "did you ever see
On any girl's cheek such a red bloom?"
Said I, "Half a score, but don't mention it more."
"She's a small pot of rouge in her bedroom."
"But," said he, "if you've taste, there's a beautiful waist."
"The doves of my mother all haunt it."
"He does a good trade, her corsets that made,
I can give you his card if you want it."
"Ah," said Cupid, "I see you're too clever for me."
And are heart-whole where others have
"bled so."
And he fingered a dart by the fenchery part,
And he winked his blue eyes as he said so.
Then he bade me good-bye, but said "Gaze in her eye—
What a love-light of beauty there's in it!"
I could scarce turn to look, when an arrow he took.
And pierced through my heart in a minute;
And he cried to the fair, as he flew through the air,
"Not in stays, paint, nor powder love's dart
is—
A glance or a smile has more power to beguile,
For nature more potent than art is."

NEW YORK MIRROR

FOUNDED IN 1822 BY GEORGE P. MORRIS AND N. P. WILLIS.

THE ACCREDITED ORGAN OF THE THEATRICAL MANAGERS AND THE ONLY EXCLUSIVELY DRAMATIC NEWSPAPER IN AMERICA.

Issued Weekly at 12 Union Square, N. Y.

The Mirror Newspaper Company.
PROPRIETORS.

HARRISON GREY FISKE,
EDITOR.

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NEW YORK, JULY 17, 1880.

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in America.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR is on sale every Thursday noon at all the news stands in this city, and in out-of-town places as soon thereafter as can be reached by mail and express.

Notice.

GEORGE W. HAMERSLY is no longer connected with the NEW YORK MIRROR. At the annual meeting of the stockholders, held July 13, he was removed from the position of Publisher, and henceforth has no authority to make contracts or transact any business whatever for THE MIRROR Company.

The Fall Campaign.

Most of the daily papers write about the theatres without knowledge. Some of the so-called critics are actually too lazy to ascertain whether the houses about which they write are open or closed. Thus we recently saw the dailies urging their readers to go and see Mr. Frederick Paulding in *The Love of His Life*, or declaring that the piece was running more smoothly, and that the houses were crowded, several days after his season at the Union Square was ended. When these papers are so unreliable as to the past and the present, it would be too much to expect them to know anything about the future, although THE MIRROR has

already given them the plans of the Fall campaign, well in advance, in order to keep them out of difficulties. One of their most egregious blunders is the statement that our metropolitan managers are afraid of the Presidential canvass and will, therefore, reserve their novelties until November. The political aspect of the campaign has been sufficiently discussed in these columns to convince all readers that it will be no obstacle to managerial enterprise; and, so far from novelties being withheld on account of it, we are justified in saying that the coming season will open extraordinarily early and with unusual brilliancy. The preliminary season alone would be worthy of any regular season in any other year, and that will commence by the middle of August. The importation of the complete vaudeville-pantomime troupe, led by the veteran George Conquest, for Wallack's; the production of Mr. Gunter's new play, *Two Nights in Rome*, at the Union Square, of Mr. Holland's new play, *Our Gentlemen Friends*, at the Standard, of Sol Smith Russell's new play, *Edgewood Folks*, at the Park, of a new Mulligan vaudeville, by Harrigan and Brahm, at the Theatre Comique, of Jarrett and Rice's *Fu!* on the Bristol, at Haverly's, of Mr. Bartley Campbell's ballet-drama, *Clio*, at Niblo's Garden, and of *The Professor* at the Madison Square—all new pieces to New York—certainly all this does not look like holding back for a late season and reserving all novelties until November!

After the preliminary season, and before November, there is another host of good things to come. First, an entirely new play at Daly's, for which the scenery is now being painted by Roberts. Then, *All The Rage*, at the Standard, with Mrs. Henderson's new play, *The Moonshiners*, to follow. Then, Mr. E. A. Sothern, in the new comedy of absurdity, by Gilbert, called *Shoggor's Fairy*, at the Park. Then, Miss Fanny Davenport, in a new play by Anna Dickinson, at the Fifth Avenue. Then, a new American opera, by Dudley Buck, at Haverly's. Then, H. J. Byron's new comedy, now running in London, called *The Upper Crust*, at Wallack's. Then, a new French play, adapted by Mr. Cazauran, at the Union Square. Well! If this is what the daily papers call reserving their novelties, our managers must be complimented upon having so many novelties that they drip over before the November bucket is ready to be emptied! Take the list as it stands, beginning with the preliminary season and ending with Wallack's regular opening in October, and when did any New York season before promise so gloriously? Here are new American plays, new English plays, new star plays, a new American opera, and plenty of new faces to appear in them, both native and imported, and yet the daily papers tell us that our managers are holding back, and that nothing will be done before November! So far is this from being true, that we believe more money will be made during these opening months than during any other two months of the year. It is to be a season of hard work, of earnest competition, of no chances given or taken; but it looks like a most profitable season for the managers and the profession generally. Never has the work been undertaken with more spirit; never has the competition been more honorably conducted; never were good actors and actresses in more demand and paid better salaries. The opening of the English theatres to American talent has naturally reacted upon the profession here; and the season of 1880-81 will long be memorable for its prosperity and its achievements.

The Presidential election will take place in November, and the fact that Bernhardt's opening at Booth's and Col. Mapleson's season of Italian opera at the Academy have been postponed until that date has led our esteemed contemporaries of the daily press astray. Do they suppose that the theatrical managers are going to sit down and wait until Bernhardt and the opera arrive before playing their strongest cards? That would be the weakest kind of management. If Bernhardt is to create the furore that is expected, the regular theatres will need all the start they can get for their new plays and new companies, in order to hold their ground against her. But if she makes no furore, what is to be gained by holding back and waiting for her? When she played her first and most successful engagement in London, the business at the other theatres was not killed. Her crowded houses at the Gaiety were matched by equally crowded houses at the Princess Theatre, where everybody went to see Charles Reade's version of *L'Assommoir*. During her second engagement, just concluded, Mme. Modjeska rivalled her at the Court Theatre, and Mr. Boucicault turned away money with his well-worn *Shoggor* at the Adelphi. This shows that Bernhardt is not everybody, even when she makes a hit, and that our managers have no reason to be afraid of her, much less to delay their season and postpone their novelties upon her account. We do not doubt but that she will be a great success, because we believe her to be a great actress; but we have had Rachel, Ristori,

Salvini, Irshik, and other great foreign stars here, without being obliged to close the other theatres while they appeared—or, for that matter, while they were performing. Bernhardt will do no better than Aimee did in her prime, and Manager Abbey will be more than satisfied if she does as well. At first she will be a success of curiosity; after that it all depends upon herself and the temper of the public, who may ignore her, as they did Rachel, or adore her, as they did Ristori. One thing is certain, Bernhardt would have made more money had she come in October, instead of waiting for the opposition of Italian opera. Now, by the time she appears, the other theatres will be well under way, and Bernhardt will be only one of the features—not the sole distinction—of a very long and splendid theatrical season.

The Artful Dodges of Hart's Gang.

Every now and then, in the capital communications of our provincial correspondents, the reader will have noticed comparisons between the local circulation of THE MIRROR and that lying and libellous sheet which Mr. Fiske has appropriately christened the D—N. Thus one correspondent will report: "75 MIRRORS sold; only 11 of the D—N." Another, writing from a smaller town, or having interviewed a smaller dealer, adds to his letter, "15 MIRRORS, no D—N here." Another states: "The circulation of the D—N has been cut down two-thirds here, and THE MIRROR leads it five to one." We presume that some of our readers, noticing these statements, have set them down to the pardonable pride of our correspondents; but every professional who has traveled through the country does not need to be informed that the figures have been carefully verified and are unquestionably accurate. In the great struggle for good against evil, for right against wrong, for decency against libel and outrage, for the profession against those who misrepresent and insult it, THE MIRROR has not only been successful, but it is gradually crowding out of sight the disreputable sheet conducted by Josh Hart and his infamous employees. But few copies of the D—N are now sold, and those who purchase it read it in shame and secrecy, as they used to read the *Life in Boston*, taking care that nobody shall know they have ever seen such a paper. It is never mentioned by any reputable journal, and it is no more quoted by our Western contemporaries, that formerly clipped columns from it, since they have discovered that its news is invariably false, its gossip mere invention, and its scandal silly personal malice, without any foundation in fact. No gentleman and no lady could be seen with the D—N in hand, without losing at once the good opinion of the observer, and nobody would venture to offer it as an authority for any assertion about the profession under penalty of undisguised laughter and contempt.

These facts would be a sufficient reply to the question, often asked of us: "Why does the profession support such a paper as the D—N by its advertisements, cards and pictures?" But there is another answer, almost as satisfactory. Part of the game of Josh Hart's school is to humbug people into believing it to be the organ of the profession by inserting bogus cards, bogus advertisements and bogus pictures. Another part of the game is to put in the advertisement a picture unordered, and then send a bill to the victim, who is expected to pay up rather than be abused by the professional libelers of the gang. "This is not blackmail," says the D—N; "we defy anybody to prove that we ever blackmailed an actor." "I never threaten," says the highwayman; "but perhaps the gentleman saw the butt of my pistol when I asked him for his purse." The two systems—the bogus business and the "pay-or-there-will-be-trouble" business—cover almost every one of the "pictures and advertisements in the D—N that deceive outsiders into the belief that it still has some genuine patronage. A portrait of Edwin Booth appears, and foolish persons say, "Oh, it must be all right if Edwin Booth has his picture in;" but even these simpletons are undeceived when they hear of the columns of abuse heaped at Mr. Booth, when he takes no notice, either peculiarly or otherwise, of a publication which he has not authorized to print his picture, and would not permit to enter his house. Again, Miss Mary Anderson's advertisement appears, and some people say, "Oh, Miss Anderson is so good, and yet she gives it her advertisement;" but the distinct and unequivocal statement of Miss Anderson's manager that he never authorized, and knew nothing about, this advertisement, soon exposed the gang's not too artful dodge. These specimen cases could be multiplied indefinitely. In fact, it is a safe rule to regard every picture and every advertisement in the D—N as bogus unless a fac-simile of the letter ordering its insertion be published in the same sheet.

The personal conduct of the members of the gang is upon a par with these dodges. Since Mr. Theodore Moss, in a moment of

misplaced benevolence, which he has sadly repented, went bail for one of these creatures, Wallack's has been infested by him, ostensibly to collect information, but really so that people may see him there and say: "Why, Wallack must be very friendly with the D—N; I see that fellow around there always." By-and-bye this pestilent form of advertising will become unbearable, having already led to inquiries as to what the Wallack family are afraid of, and then there will be a kicking match, and the apparent connection between the leading theatre and the vilest paper in the country will be rudely severed. Upon the same advertisement dodge Josh Hart has posed as the owner of the Standard Theatre since the death of Judge Dowling. He wished it to be distinctly understood that Mr. Henderson was only the lessee, that Josh Hart, sir, was the proprietor. The other day all the facts came out, when Mr. Earle foreclosed his mortgage and bought in the property, and now everybody knows that Josh Hart has had nothing to do with the Standard for years, and has not received a cent from it since the agreement was made that the rental was to go to defray unpaid ground rents; so another artful dodge was exploded. A third of the gang goes about trying to pass himself off as a good fellow, even praising THE MIRROR upon occasion, and wishing that the D—N were not so dreadfully rough. This artful dodger's role is to frighten professionals into advertising by decanting gloomily upon the vindictive temper of the head of the gang—a notorious and thrice-slapped coward—and by fearing that he will not be able to restrain this ogre, my boy, "unless he sees your card in this week." Sometimes he tries the cordial and fraternal game: "Well, just put it in once to oblige me; we're both Elks, my boy." But this dodger is too small and too transparent to waste words upon. Rotten to the core, bankrupt in influence, sinking in circulation, and bogus in pictures and advertisements, there is nothing left of the D—N and the gang but the dodges, more or less artful, with which they strive to postpone the inevitable.

PERSONAL.

LOTTA.—Lotta is at the Hotel Buda Paris.

EMMET.—J. K. Emmet and wife sailed for England Saturday.

WILTON.—Ellie Wilton has been secured by Steele Mackaye for next season.

MAYER.—Marcus R. Mayer will arrive home about the middle of August.

LEE.—Ada Lee's admirers can find her during the hot months at City Point, Va.

STUART.—Mr. Everad Stuart will be business manager for Henderson at the Standard next season.

BLTYHE.—Helen Blythe has nearly recovered from the effects of her recent severe illness.

MANHATTAN.—J. H. Haverly, C. A. McConnell, and Ed Gilmore dined at Manhattan Beach Tuesday.

FRANCIS.—Miss Fannie Francis has been engaged by Joseph Emmet for leading business next season.

DOUBT.—There seems to be a doubt whether Bernhardt's Christian name should be spelled Sara or Sarah.

WEST.—William H. West of Barlow, Wilson, Primrose and West's Minstrels, is in town, looking well and happy.

CLARKE.—Lillian Cleves-Clarke is favorably spoken of as the Widow in *The Danites*, by the London papers.

MORRIS.—Clara Morris will play at Booth's in the Fall, previous to the commencement of Bernhardt's engagement.

STRICKLAND.—W. H. Strickland of Haverly's staff, who has been seriously ill, is now convalescing at Long Branch.

WARE.—Mr. Charles E. Ware, manager of the Times Printing House, St. Louis, Mo., dropped in to see us on Tuesday.

EYRE.—Gerald Eyre, one of Mr. Bandmann's importations, sailed by the England Saturday last, bound for his native heath.

MCCONNELL.—C. H. McConnell of Chicago, manager of the largest show-printing house in the world, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

KIRALFYS.—Imre and Boslossy Kiralfy sailed from Liverpool for New York last Thursday, having secured several big attractions.

PALMER.—Minnie Palmer's new piece by Gunter was read to the star Tuesday night and D'Arcy says she was more than delighted with it.

ERROR.—Last week, by a slip of the pen we wrote Miss Grace Cartland's name Cortland—and it so appeared, by mistake, beneath her portrait.

BARNES.—Col. W. D. Barnes, of THE MIRROR staff, is sojourning for a brief period in London, bent upon sight-seeing, pleasure, and our business.

DAVENPORT.—What has become of the Boston man who announced, some time since, that he would shortly publish the biography of E. L. Davenport?

THANKS.—Baltimore Sunday News: "The NEW YORK MIRROR has entered upon its fourth volume, and no four-year-old in the

country ever showed such signs of vitality. Always sprightly and reliable, it has carved its way to a success it bids fair to hold."

UPPER CRUST.—J. L. Toole has sold to Lester Wallack the right to play *Upper Crust* in the States. It will be done at his theatre next season.

FORSYTHE.—A letter informs us that Kate Forsythe and Courtney Barnes were due in Paris yesterday (the 13th) to witness *La Grande fete des Drapeaux*.

CHANDOS.—Alice Chandos has declined a season's engagement in London because her husband could not remain on the other side longer than the present Summer. A dutiful wife.

CARICATURE.—A well-executed caricature of the sallow-visaged Herrmann attracts many laughing curiosity-seekers daily to look into the show-window of the Domestic company in Fourteenth street.

BOOTH.—The report that Edwin Booth is to write and publish a life of his father is not true. The work of arranging the memoirs of the elder Booth has been assigned to a literary gentleman of ability.

AT HOME.—Marian Elmore and Lena Merville, the favorite little actresses of Rice's Surprise Party, are visiting their home in London, after an absence of three years. They will return to join Mr. Rice's company Aug. 11.

PHILLIPS.—Miss Emma Phillips (Mrs. E. F. Gristle), actress and vocalist, formerly with the Holman and Caroline Richings Opera companies, died in this city on the 12th day of July, after a lingering illness of many months.

BARRETT.—Lawrence Barrett has given up his trip abroad, this Summer, and is resting and studying at his cottage in Cohasset. It is said that he intends to bring out several new pieces in the Autumn with a brilliant supporting company.

WINTER.—A memorial volume of the writings of the late John Brongham, including the fragment of his Autobiography, extracts from his diaries, and miscellaneous sketches and poems, edited by William Winter, will be published in the course of the year.

DICKINSON.—Anna Dickinson has completed all but the last act of her new play for Fanny Davenport, on which she is now engaged. The drama, it is said, will be an intensely powerful one. Miss Dickinson pursues her literary labors amidst the more or less classic shades of Elizabeth, N. J.

HINT.—There is a well-organized harem floating about in Europe, the owner having deserted it. Here is a chance for some enterprising amusement manager. A real live harem on exhibition would draw swarms of ladies to see the good clothes and jewelry, and the men to—well, they would be on hand as escorts to the ladies.

DOX.—We are in receipt of the following cablegram from Laura Don, whose portrait is published this week, and who opened in Liverpool Monday night, with Frank Mayo in *Davy Crockett*, as Elinor Vaughn:

LIVERPOOL, July 13.

MIRROR, New York.
Elinor's reception immense. Press all praise.
DOX.

HARRISONS.—Mart Hanley is pushing the interests of the Harrison party in his own energetic way, and not content with having fixed dates in Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, New Orleans, and many other big cities, he is negotiating for Australia. The company is now rehearsing, and everything points toward an undoubted success, both financially and artistically, as the result.

NEILSON.—Adelaide Neilson after leaving San Francisco goes to Australia to play. So, then, the legend she told THE MIRROR representative when she was in New York, about a romantic trip to Italy, marriage, and finally a domicile in the shape of a picturesque villa on the banks of Lake Como (where there are no villas, by the way) was but a fairy-tale after all. Alas!

REITER.—T. Ernest Reiter, a very prominent musician in San Francisco, has been engaged as leader with the Oates party. The Professor has quite an eventful history—from being organist at the Grand Cathedral (under Maximilian) in the City of Mexico, to conducting in Frisco for Aimee and other vocal celebrities. He is a musician of more than ordinary fame, and has attained a high reputation as an arranger and composer.

MAPLESON.—Col. Mapleson's season at Her Majesty's, London, just closing, has been a most successful one. Gerster did not appear until the 10th inst. Christine Nilsson and Marie Roze had previously borne all the work on their shoulders. Mapleson will fetch his company to New York in October, and will open the season at the Academy of Music in November. The company will consist of the following artists: Gerster, Marie Roze, Trebelli, Lehmann, and probably Christine Nilsson; also, Campanini, Galassi, Fancelli, Nanetti, and other artists now singing at Her Majesty's Theatre. The chief novelty for the American season will be *Meistofele*, by Bolto. Signor Arditi will be the director.

—Manager Phil. H. Lehnen of the Wieting and Grand Opera House, Syracuse, arrived in town last week. He spent Sunday at Coney Island.

—Manager C. J. Whitney and wife are stopping at the Oriental Hotel, Manhattan Beach.

—Allie Drayton, soubrette and specialist, has been engaged by J. M. Hickey for next season.

THE USHER.

*Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.*

And so that acme of French vulgarity, Nana, is to be put into dramatic form and done at the Ambigu, Paris. Restless Paris! You are never satisfied unless you are lashing yourself into some new excitement, some new sensation, at which the rest of the world—the world whose effervescence has been bottled and corked and stored away in your confines, as it were—may look on with bated breath and nervous wonderment, doing silent homage to your supremacy in all that is novel, strange, or startling. Nana will be very startling; as a book it has created an intense amount of interest; as a drama it will probably cause a cold shiver to run down the backbone of the most blasé Frenchman's morality. Rumor has it that the censor—that *custos morum* who, thank heaven! is rendered unnecessary in our country because of the superior intelligence and morality of the public—has read the dramatization with a friendly eye, and will not set his ban against the production. As a sample of realism, L'Assommoir was repulsive enough, but Nana fairly outrivals Zola's previous work in that undesirable quality. Laying aside all arguments of principle and propriety, what possible interest can there be in seeing a courtesan's life depicted on the stage, when at one half the expense and bother one can study the same thing under a microscope at the commonest bagnio! The very audacity of the idea will form the attraction of the play in the breast of the true Parisian.

While the people are talking and opening their eyes like children who have just received a new and ingenious toy, they seem to forget that only one person is being profited by this so-called new school of Realism. Emile Zola is quietly chuckling behind the public's friendly back, and industriously raking in the public's money. They have to dance; and he had just as soon be the piper who is paid as anybody else. What cares he that his theory is by no means new; that it has for many years been advanced by certain writers in Italy; in short, that the tune he is playing for the people to caper by, is an old and threadbare one. They don't know, and they don't mind either; so long as the melody does not lag, their feet keep moving, and they continue to toss shillings into the hat of the alert musician. After all, I have a great respect for Zola; firstly, because of his boldness, and secondly, because personally he has no real interest or belief in the system of writing which he claims to have founded. That man is entitled to considerable admiration. With the memory of the flat failure of L'Assommoir still fresh in their minds, I think it is not at all likely that anyone will be courageous enough to dramatize and produce its sequel, Nana, here, and for this we have much to be grateful. Experiment has pretty conclusively demonstrated that for us commonplace folks, with our old-fashioned ideas and cautious reserve, good healthy drama and clean romanticism is quite good enough, without going over to France to borrow an installment of vicious and startling Realism. Those who like to witness that sort of thing can gratify their longing to its fullest and lowest extent by prowling around o' nights in Capt. Berghold's notorious precinct.

ACT I.

A juvenile man, passing his vacation in the country, concludes to go gunning.

ACT II.

Finding attractive game in the shape of a pretty farmer's daughter, he places his breech-loader against a convenient tree, and proceeds forthwith to embrace the fair maid, after the most approved stage fashion.

ACT III.

While the juvenile man's bliss is at its height, the girl's father, a fierce farmer, appears upon the scene, and, with lowering brow, takes in the situation at a glance. Racing like a deer toward the tree against which the gun has been placed, with nervous fingers he grasps the dangerous firearm, and hasteneth away, muttering melodramatically:

"I'll be goll durned ef 'tain't worth fifty dollars."

Tableau, and quick drop.

LONDON, June 28, '80.

The suit for Marie Williams between Rice and M. B. Leavitt has a hearing to-day. The lady has employed two lawyers at Mr. Rice's expense, so she says, which will cost him \$200 fee. Mr. Leavitt has already paid a lawyer \$125 retainer. She told me yesterday she would not go with Leavitt now at any price. She opens at the Adelphi for Gattie Bros. in Forbidden Fruit, playing Zuloo. The lawsuit may take six months to decide, so I don't see how she is going to meet her engagement with Rice. She said Tom Burnside, Leavitt's press agent, who was on the Chicago Tribune, and who is here now, arranged the price at \$150 a week and all her expenses with Rice. She is worth about \$75 a week and nothing more, as she is not a musician, is slow to learn a part, and is not handsome. So where is her attraction for American audiences?

With the exception of Miss Williams, about whose future, from the above letter, it seems there hangs a fog of legal doubt, Leavitt's Burlesque or English Opera company is complete, and early next month the following artists will embark for America by the Italy of the National Line: Selina Delaro, Clara Leavre, Adelaide Praeger, Daisy Ramsden, Fanny Wentworth, Alma Stanley, Florence Chalgrove, Minnie Marshall, Cam-

ille De Elmar, Topsey Vere, Minnie Williams, Gertie Campbell, Maude St. Clair, Marion Allen, Carrie Langtry, Rose Newham, Violet Newham, Frank Musgrove, James A. Meade, Mat Robinson, J. W. Bradbury, George Raymond, and N. C. Garland.

Even if Marie Williams does not come over for this party, she will for Mr. Rice; so we may sit disinterestedly by, and cheer on both sides, certain that one or the other will effect her capture, unless the judicial combat turns out like that celebrated historical one of the Kilkenny cats. Notwithstanding our friend's objections to Marie Williams, she is worth a great deal to whoever may be lucky enough to secure her for next season. Although she may be weak in all the points he mentions, she possesses that most valuable of all qualities to a burlesque actress, that supreme faculty of tearing away the curtain that divides the actress from the people, and conquering without storming the citadel of their favor; and this, too, without the usual wiles and blandishments of the ladies in her own line of business. By all means let us have her over here next season.

Scene: Pennsylvania Railway Station—Prudent Mamma to Actress Daughter, who is going out of town for the Summer season: "My dear child, above all things, remember this advice: Never give anyone any information about your personal affairs."

"Certainly, mamma dear," replied the dutiful young lady, and then she said to the ticket agent who smilingly awaited her pleasure, "One ticket if you please."

"Where to, Miss?" politely interrogated the gentlemanly agent, in dulcet tones.

"That is none of your business, sir," tartly responded Actress Daughter, obedient to Prudent Mamma's sage counsel.

I have received a letter from a correspondent in Paris, bearing date June 27, in the course of which the following remarkable information is volunteered:

Here is a piece of news you can rely upon: Sara Bernhardt will not visit America the coming season; she told me so herself. No matter what you read in the papers, she cannot and will not go without permission from her Duke—and he refuses to give that.

Whether this statement is authentic or not of course it is impossible for me to say. My correspondent avers that the capricious ex-sociétaire, whose movements have been watched with mingled curiosity and interest by two continents and an island or two thrown in, gave him this bit of news with her own lips; but whether those lips were engaged in a favorite habit of distributing word-confections at the time or not, it would be difficult to determine. Judging from past experience, this strange compound of frivolity, genius and petulance would be fully capable of breaking her contract with Mr. Abbey, if the idea ever entered that mental whirligig of hers, which in ordinary beings anatomists usually denominate Brain. I don't think Mr. A. is a man who would allow either his feelings or his contracts to be trifled with, and should the wayward Sara take it into her head to play him any of her characteristic tricks, she would find that a strong will and an indefatigable man would have to be first overcome before they attained formidable shape. If her coming or staying depends upon the inclination of her venerable friend, who is alluded to very respectfully by my correspondent as "her Duke," I trust that she will be enabled to coax from him the required permission. Couldn't she give him a bust of himself, bearing her name and executed with especial care by her sculptor-in-chief? or perhaps a present of a car-but no, that wouldn't be any inducement—his list of relatives is already quite long enough. Some other means would have to be devised.

That exceedingly borish young man, the Prince of Wales, has a habit—the proud privilege of his royal station—of going behind the scenes and bothering industrious actresses just at the time when they are busy attending to their work. He paid a visit to Genevieve Ward recently, and congratulated her upon her rendering of her part, the Marquise de Mohrivar, in Forget-Me-Not. Of course since the heir to the English throne did this really clever thing, Miss Ward has played to packed houses. O tempora! O mores! wouldn't it be a good thing sometime, when business is bad, for our local managers to club together and raise enough money to import H. R. H., the obliging heir to the English throne, and keep him here long enough to make a round of congratulatory calls at the green-rooms of their several theatres! Then our people would be just foolish and good-natured enough to do exactly what our English cousins are doing in Miss Ward's case.

Col. Filkins, Mr. Haverly's agent, is in London and has made arrangements with the city bill-poster, J. Willing, to put up the paper for the Mastodons. The Colonel says this work will cost \$1,500, including the advertisements in busses, cabs, and tramways, a form of advertising very successful and very popular over there. Willing, the bill-poster, ranks among his kind proportionately as Mr. Haverly does among managers. It is estimated that he pays annually a rental of over half a million dollars for bill-boards and other space.

LEONARD.—The preparations for Agnes Leonard's tour are being carried on actively by Manager Chapman. The new star possesses a remarkably handsome face which is not unlike that of Adelaide Neilson.

THE WEEK AT THE THEATRES.

"The Play's the thing."—HAMLET.

Monday night the "Boston English Opera Company" was announced to open at Haverly's in The Chimes of Normandy, with Elma Delaro as prima-donna. During a rehearsal Monday afternoon, Manager Haverly happened to drop in, and he saw by the way things were going that a very poor performance would be the result at night. The prima-donna was ill, the company imperfect and the hour 4 p.m. Mr. Haverly weighed these facts moment in his mind, and concluded at once that the engagement should be canceled rather than violate the rule he has maintained since the inauguration of his very successful management of the theatre, of playing no attractions but those of the first rank. About \$500 was turned away that evening. Haverly's will remain closed for two weeks, during which some repairs will be made.

The Genuine Colored Minstrels are holding their own at Niblo's, giving a really excellent entertainment.—Hazel Kirke is running to good business, having attained a run that, setting aside its remarkable continuance at this season, would be extraordinary at any time. It is up in the hundred-and-sixties, with a probability of scoring two hundred.—Norcross' Fifth Avenue Company is singing Trial by Jury and Pinafore at the Windsor.

Something Useful.

We publish below a partial list of the combinations, stars and opera companies which will be on the road next season, together with the names of the agents or manager who may be empowered to transact their business affairs:

Goodwin's Frolics.....A. Mackenzie, Agt
Leavitt's Burlesque Co.....M. B. Leavitt, Man'r
Leavitt's Specialty Co.....C. B. Gristle, Man'r
Leavitt's Rentz-Santley Novelty Co.....E. W. Woolcott, Agt
E. K. Rosenbaum, Man'r
G. W. Stanhope, Agt
Oliver Doud Byron.....D. H. Grahame, Agt
Hall's Strategists.....Charles Melville, Agt
Mackay's Co.....Thomas W. Brown, Agt
The Club.....George L. Smith, Agt
Harrison's Photos.....Mart Hanley, Man'r
Agnes Leonard Co.....Frank Chapman, Man'r
Adele Belgarde.....Mike Leech, Agt
The Knights.....J. E. Nugent, Agt
Modjeski (St-82).....Arthur E. Stowe, Agt
Minnie Palmer's Boarding School.....Hugh D'Arcy, Agt
A Child of the State Co.....J. H. Russell, Agt
Golden Gate Co.....Charles Wing, Agt
Our Gobins.....J. W. Burke, Agt
The Troubadours.....C. J. Crouse, Agt
Frank Mayne.....E. M. Gardner, Man'r
Barney Macaulay.....J. Stevens, Agt
Fanny Davenport.....Gus Mortimer, Agt
Leavitt's Rentz Minstrels.....Kit Clarke, Man'r
Collier's Banker's Daughter Club.....Kinnicott, Agt
C. F. Atwood, Agt
Hearne's Hearts of Oak.....Bert, Man'r
Heien Potter's Plebeians.....Harry St. Ormond, Man'r
Pat Rooney Co.....H. Miner, Man'r
J. K. Emmet.....M. L. Townsend, Agt
Tony Pastor Co.....Harry Sanderson, Man'r
John Dingess, Agt
Robson and Crane.....T. Shea, Agt
Maggie Mitchell.....Charles Mitchell, Agt
J. K. Emmet.....George Wilton, Man'r
Buffalo Bill.....J. E. Ogden, Man'r
Flock of Geese.....J. M. Hickey, Man'r
A. S. Thomas, Agt
Mary Anderson.....Robert Spiller, Treas
Tourists.....J. W. Smith, Man'r
T. W. Keene.....W. R. Hayden, Man'r
H. B. Phillips, Agt
Joe Jefferson.....H. S. Taylor, Agt
Thayer Concert Co.....W. E. Chapman, Man'r
Berger Family.....B. Berger, Agt
Sol Smith Russell.....W. W. Fowler, Agt
Abbott Opera Troupe.....C. H. Pratt, Man'r
My Partner.....M. Tobin, Agt
L. Aldrich, Man'r
Bowers, Bus. Man'r
Galley Slave Co.....Bartley Campbell, Prop.
J. M. Burke, Man'r
Tony Denier.....Geo. S. Sydney, Agt
Barlow, Wilson, Primrose and West's Minstrels.....J. J. Clapham, Man'r
Kate Claxton.....Spencer Cone, Agt
John McCullough.....Capt. Conner, Man'r
Den Thompson and All the Rage Co.....J. M. Hill, Man'r
Lotta.....J. H. Reyes, Agt
Milton Nobles.....R. S. Wires, Agt
Mastodon Minstrels.....D. B. Hodges, Agt
Big Four Minstrels.....J. Sheppard, Agt
Haverly's Colored Minstrels.....Howard Spear, Agt
Humpty Dumpty.....Abbey & Hickey, Man'r
Lawrence Barrett.....R. E. Stevens, Agt
J. B. Polk.....W. F. Morse, Agt
Widow Bedott.....C. E. Blanchett, Man'r
J. L. Mack, Bus. Man'r
Ada Cavendish.....T. B. MacDonough, Agt
Herrmann.....Singer, Agt
Gus Williams.....J. H. Kobb, Agt
Baker & Farron.....J. H. Rogers, Agt
Minnie Cummings.....P. Nicholson, Agt
Lawn Tennis Club, Bromley & Barton, Man'r
Sparks.....Edouin & Sanger, Man'r
Walter Hine, Agt
Rice's Evangeline.....E. E. Rice, Man'r
Rice's Surprise Party.....E. E. Rice, Man'r
Fun on the Bristol.....H. Jarrett, Man'r
Davy Crockett (Mayor).....E. Stanley, Agt
A. M. Palmer's False Friend Co., Will Palmer, Man'r
Strakosch & Hess.....C. D. Hess, Man'r
Alvin Joslyn Comb.....C. L. Davis, Man'r
S. D. Roberts.....B. H. Crane, Agt
The Favorites.....C. A. Davis, Agt

THE DEAD ACTOR.

BY RICHARD FOOTE.

Within a gloomy garret,
Where sunbeams never stray,
With none to smooth his pillow,
The poor dead actor lay.
No creature saw him dying,
None knew that he was dead;
Too brave to tell his suffering,
Too proud to ask for bread.
Where ate the shouting thousands
That in those vanished years,
He charmed with matchless acting,
And moved to smiles and tears?
Where now the dainty women
Who once his books would laud,
And dream themselves in heaven,
When he was playing "Claude!"
Alas! for that poor player:
His powers had waned at last,
And he was soon forgotten
When "starring" days were past.
Lo! there within that garret,
Where sunbeams never stray,
Unwept, and unremembered,
The poor dead actor lay.

NEW YORK, July, 1880.

JEFFERSON THE ELDER.

A week or two ago, the Philadelphia Sunday Press contained an article in which it referred to the burial place of Joseph Jefferson, the grandfather of our Joseph Jefferson, who has for so many years occupied a leading place on the stage of the United States and Great Britain. The writer in the Press stated that the remains of the elder Joseph Jefferson had been ruthlessly torn from their last resting-place to make room for a school-house. This is not the fact; and as there is some history connected with the career of Joseph Jefferson in this city, its narration cannot fail to prove interesting to your readers.

Fifty years ago, Joseph Jefferson was a great favorite with the people of Philadelphia, Reading, Westchester, Lancaster and Harrisburg. He was then one of the most accomplished gentlemen connected with the American stage. In Lancaster and Harrisburg theatres were built expressly for his use, that in Harrisburg being a very large building (still standing), so constructed that his family could live in a portion of it, while the theatre proper was of a size to accommodate a large audience. In this theatre Mr. Jefferson had a very attractive company, connected with which were Mr. Hanna and wife and Mr. Jackson and wife (both ladies were daughters of Mr. Jefferson), actors and actresses of rare qualities. The theatre was sustained by popular subscription prices, the Governor, heads of departments, members of the Legislature, Judges of the Supreme and other courts, and leading citizens subscribing for family tickets for an entire season of three or four months; the theatre being open three nights in a week.

Mr. Jefferson and his family were welcomed as visitors in the highest social and official circles. He entertained in princely style, and frequently had at his table the Governor of the Commonwealth, the Speakers of both houses of the Assembly, Judges and members of the Legislature. His son Joseph and his daughters were on equal terms with the best people of Harrisburg. His accomplishments were not merely those of the actor, but of the highly cultivated gentleman. No more thorough belle-lettres scholar than he lived in his day, and no more scholarly man was found in the walks of social and official life in the Capital of Pennsylvania half a century ago. In 1825 he was in the zenith of his power and the full flush of his personal popularity—nor did these wane until the day of his death. In 1832 he died in Harrisburg, and was buried with public honors in St. Stephen's Episcopal graveyard. Over his grave was placed a large slab of marble by his friend and admirer, the late Chief-Justice Gibson of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

In the course of time the Episcopalians found it necessary to enlarge their Sunday-school building, an extension which encroached upon the ground used for burial purposes. Arrangements were then made to remove all the dead in that ground to the Harrisburg Cemetery, where a plot of ground was purchased and the removal made. While this was being done, a gentleman in the city wrote to Joseph Jefferson in New York, stating the fact. Mr. Jefferson requested this gentleman to purchase a lot in the cemetery and have his grandfather's remains placed therein. This was done, and now the ashes of the illustrious actor repose in the very centre of our cemetery, the lot being surrounded by a neat iron fence. The slab which Judge Gibson had placed originally over the remains has been raised so as to form a tomb, the expense for all of which was borne by the living Joseph Jefferson. The elder Joseph Jefferson had a son Joseph, as already stated, who was also an actor of great merit, connected with the Harrisburg company, and was the father of the present Joseph—a trio of comedians such as has never been surpassed on the English stage. The following is the inscription on the tomb of Joseph Jefferson the elder, as written by Judge Gibson:

BENEATH THIS SLAB
are deposited the ashes of
JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

An actor whose unrivalled powers took in the whole extent of comic character from pathos to heart-shaking mirth. His coloring was that of nature, warm, fresh and enriched with the finest conceptions of genius. He was a member of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in its most high and palmy days, and the compeer of Cooper, Wood, Warren, Francis, and a host of worthies like himself, are remembered with admiration and praise.

He died at this place in 1832.

"Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him well. Horatio: A fellow of infinite jest and most excellent fancy."

The younger Joe Jefferson never passes this shrine: he visits it Summer and Winter when in this city, and on one occasion, in midwinter, had to remove the snow and ice from the slab before the inscription could be read. Other actors and actresses frequently visit the spot, which is now regarded as one of the classic objects of admiration by the scholars who roam in this direction. Frequently the grave is handsomely decorated during the season of flowers, the name and memory of the famous actor being still dearly cherished by the descendants of those who once enjoyed the flashes of his wit and the splendor of his art.

So much for the statement of the writer in the Sunday Press, who sought to create the impression of "ruthless treatment" of the ashes of the elder Joe Jefferson. Those ashes could not repose in a spot more venerated if they were contained in an urn held in the midst of his living descendants. He sleeps in a spot surrounded by the graves of those who knew him while he lived here, and of these graves none is more honored than that which contains his ashes.

WEN FORTNEY, JR.
HARRISBURG, PA., July 12, 1880.

PROFESSIONAL DOINGS.

—Maud Harrison is in Paris.

—Frederic Cowen is engaged upon a new Italian opera.

—Willie Edoin and wife are spending the summer in Boston.

—R. E. J. Miles, the popular Cincinnati manager, is in the city.

—J. H. Haverly leaves for Chicago on Saturday to be absent a week or ten days.

—Josie Robinson is engaged for next season at Academy of Music, St. John's, N. B.

—Minnie Palmer's new piece is called Heroica, and is a sort of sequel to the Boarding-School.

—Charles Abbott has been engaged for leading business with John A. Stevens next season.

—Emma Butler may be addressed at Simmonds & Brown's. Boys, walking ladies or juveniles.

—George H. Bicknell, low comedian and comic vocalist, is at liberty. Address 57 Warren street, Boston.

—An opera house is about to be erected on Broad street, Woodbury, N. J., by G. G. Green of that place.

—It is said that Bob Ingersoll is going to back Gen. Barton in another attempt to run the California Theatre.

—Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight will reappear on the American stage, in Boston, at the Gaiety Theatre, on August 30.

—A cablegram from Frank G. Maeder informs us that the Troubadours have made an emphatic success in Liverpool.

—Peru (Ind.) Sentinel: "The New York Mirror is the largest, best, cheapest and most complete theatrical newspaper."

—Reports of the sale of THE MIRROR in Newark are very flattering. THE MIRROR sells five to one of Byrne's scandal-sheet.

—Correspondents of THE MIRROR will receive their credentials for the coming season in a few days. The printer is a little behind-hand.

—The daily newspapers are not quite certain whether Ada Cavendish or Maude Granger has purchased Gunter's Two Nights in Rome.

—Neilson has played to unexpectedly poor business in San Francisco. The advanced prices have been wisely reduced by the management.

—F. C. Rust assumes the business management of the Corinthian Academy of Music, Rochester, next season, under Mr. Leutenford's direction.

—M. B. Leavitt telegraphs from London that he has won his suit against Marie Williams for breach of contract. He leaves for home July 21, on the Egypt.

—One-half of the Paris theatres are closed, and of those open only the Vaudeville and Ambigu are playing to even fair business. The season has been bare of successes.

—Oliver Doud Byron has been playing to excellent business at Montreal. Dominick Murray is up there now, showing people how New Yorkers escape from Sing Sing.

—Dan Shelby has given up the Adelphi Theatre (variety), Buffalo. Cause, ill health. Manager Shelby made the Adelphi a success, and is said to have laid by something.

—The Standard Theatre will open season Saturday, August 14, with George Holland in Our Gentlemen Friends, followed by Joseph Shannon's Golden Game, and Robson and Crane.

—Joe Jefferson's support with Rivals next season will consist of Mrs. John Drew, as Mrs. Malaprop; Maurice Barrymore as Jack Absolute; Rosa Rand as Lydia Langush, and Fred Robinson as Sir Anthony.

—Mrs. Ettie Henderson's new play, The Moonshiners, will be produced at the Park, Philadelphia, August 1, with a strong cast. Negotiations are pending with Ed. Thorne and Helen Tracy for leading business.

—Over the grave of E. L. Davenport, at Forest Hill Cemetery, near Boston, a handsome monument will be raised in the Fall. It will represent an oak, ivy-grown, and inscribed upon it will be "Our Father who art in Heaven," the last words spoken by the dead tragedian.

—Herbert Archer, Bernard, N. Long, Sidney Smith, Amy Lee, Ethel Lynton and Jennie Reiforth constitute the principal members of a Pinafore company which has penetrated to the wilds of Worcester, Mass., with the intention of singing the opera on the surface of a lake with an unpronounceable Indian name.

—Mr. Joseph Jefferson will appear in Philadelphia early in September, and will act Bob Acres in The Rivals. He will subsequently act in the towns around Philadelphia, and afterward in Boston. His New York engagement will be filled at the Grand Opera House, in November, where he will act Rip Van Winkle.

—A great spectacular piece is to be brought out at the Boston Theatre this Fall, for which Mr. Eugene Tompkins is securing attractions abroad. He has already engaged in Paris Mile, Fantel, a premier danseuse at the Chatelet; Mile. Jeannie Dumas, another professional light, and Mile. Aenea, the flying dancer, who has created such a furore by her aerial flights in Les Filles du Diable.

—M. de Beauplan's opera company, which will include Mme. Ambre, Mile. Lablache, M. Tourne, M. Jourdan and M. Lablache, will open in New Orleans, and will afterward visit Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and New York. The repertoire will consist of La Juive, Guillaume Tell, Robert le Diable, L'Africaine, Charles VI, Le Prophete, Comte Ory, La Reine de Chypre, Paul et Virginie, Faust, Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Ete, L'Etoile du Nord.

—The Stewart family—consisting of Mr. R. Stewart and the Misses Dory, Maggie and Nelly Stewart, his daughters—are at present making a tour of the world with their specialties. It is the first native Australian troupe that has ever ventured abroad, and they have achieved more or less success in India and England. They will probably arrive in New York during the week, and will appear in one of the theatres under the management of J. H. Haverly.

—Smith & Mestayer's Tourists next season will be certainly one of the strongest organizations on the road. The following ladies and gentlemen will comprise the company, which shows it to be particularly strong in the lady element: William A. Mestayer, Harry Watson, N. J. Long, Will H. Bray, T. Wilnot Eckert, Samuel Swain, Misses Louise Ogilby of San Francisco, Carrie Swain, Jeannette Kellert and Alice Hutchings. Musical conductor, Prof. Fred A. Muller. John P. Smith and William A. Mestayer, managers.

CONTENTIONS OF THE CRITIC.

By CHARLES T. CONGDON.

[“Reminiscences of a Journalist.”]

I suppose that there are few things of which most men know so little as they know of the manufacture of newspapers. It is the business of those who edit to furnish the world with reading—it is the business of the world to find fault. I have sometimes wished that I could introduce these constant critics and censors to some better knowledge of the difficulties, anxieties and perplexities of the journalist's vocation—it is possible that their hearts might be softened, their tongues stayed, and their querulous animosity subdued. As it is, most of mankind seem to stand guard over us, ready to pounce down upon us at the slightest aberration of memory, the smallest error of detail, the minutest possible mistake or misstatement of fact. They do not seem to understand that the most ardent desire of the honest journalist is to be right. Always he goes into detail with fear and trembling. Generally, no lawyer preparing for nisi prius or for terms takes more pains, or subjects himself more entirely to the diligence of research; and yet in spite of all this, the journalist sometimes finds that he has blundered into an awful depth of error, and has been egregiously misled by what seems to him to be authority. But whether that error be large or small, he is sure to be instantly informed of it. Somebody at once finds him out; and just as surely as somebody finds him out, there comes a letter, airy with superior knowledge, or ferocious with a sense of personal injury, or fussy in its splitting of hairs. Alas! we have so many critics, each of them mounted either upon a hobby-horse or a charger of personal injury! Every human being, in my opinion, is pleased to detect any other human being in a mistake. To do so proves his sagacity, knowledge, discrimination, virtue and morality. I have had excellent evidence of this while the present series of papers has been passing through the press. Scores of obliging persons have been good enough to correct me. I frankly acknowledge that it was my own memory that was occasionally in the wrong; but quite as often I have been right. It is hardly worth mentioning; but surely it is not always the fagged and over-worked journalist who blunders. For the newspaper man who deliberately publishes to the world a falsehood, or even does so through inexcusable carelessness, I have no respect, and could hardly have much affection. But between honest error and falsehood there is a wide moral difference.

My own experience of the sensitiveness of mankind has been a long one. I was threatened with personal chastisement before I was out of my nonage by an irascible person who, when I criticised his political party, thought that I meant him. Although I had not, Heaven help me! a spare penny in my pocket, there was a furious old gentleman who was scarcely restrained by his more prudent lawyer from bringing an action against me for libel. To this day I have never understood how he expected to collect the damages which he might recover. A country editor, as I was then, lives in an atmosphere of botherations. Everybody wants to use his sheet for the purpose of advertising gratis either his goods and chattels or his opinions. He wishes the smallest details of his own personal experience to be put upon record from the birth of his first child to the raising of his last overgrown pumpkin. School-girls send poetry which it is impossible to print, and tell the unhappy recipient that they are themselves unhappy; that they have yearnings; and that their yearnings will be to a limited extent allayed by the appearance of the inclosed stanzas in the Poet's Corner of your “valuable newspaper.” Sometimes, in my salad days, I used to buck-wash their poetry, correcting it something as Voltaire did that of Frederick the Great; whereupon “Ella” or “Minnie” would write to me in great wrath, and unmistakably say that they had nothing to thank me for—and perhaps the pretty creatures were right. The worst condition of a journalist is that into which he falls when everybody knows him; when any aggrieved person can walk straight up to his desk and take him to task summarily; when all the subscribers remember who his grandmother was, and can defile the grave of his grandfather. There are several classes of people who seem to think that newspapers are printed entirely for their benefit and behoof. Among these are actors, politicians, and the writers of small books, together with all men who have bees in their bonnets; who mistakenly think that they have invented something, when they have merely reproduced some dusty and worthless model in the Patent Office; who feeling all up and down their spinal columns that the world is all wrong, are thoroughly sure that they were born to set it right; who are always in labor like the mountain, and desire a puff for the mouse before he makes his appearance. Foremost among these is the man who wants to run for Congress, and who yearns for the glory of the candidacy, albeit he has not the ghost of a chance of being returned. Many unhappy mortals afflicted by this mania have I seen in my time, and I hereby deliberately declare them to be the most stupendous bores upon record. I have known at least half a hundred affected by this disease, and perhaps two of them have succeeded in their heart's desire. I know the symptoms of this malady as well as a doctor knows those of the whooping-cough. I have seen a number

of patients afflicted by it even in cities, though I believe that it is less manageable in the country.

The man who wants to run for Congress begins by cultivating the friendship of the newspapers. If he makes a speech in any little meeting, he brings it written fairly out and quite ready for the compositor. He calls frequently upon the unfortunate journalist, and he stays a great deal longer than he is welcome. He dribbles his “views” into unwilling ears, and pothers away at a great rate until you wish that the gods would suddenly strike him dumb—or dead! He subscribes his money—if he has any or can borrow any—for everything; the orphan's home, the public library, the temperance society, the church itself—all are glad-ened and enriched by his donations. I remember when in Massachusetts he was always deeply if not furiously anti-slavery. Totally abstinent he also was—theoretically. Whatever he was doing or saying, in his uprisings and down-sittings, in his eating and his drinking, in his pleasure and his business, his eye saw far away the swelling proportions of the Capitoline dome. Such were some of the symptoms of this curious disease, which I have known to take entire possession of the whole constitution of an otherwise healthy man, and quite spoil him, if not for life, at least for many years. The monomaniac often bored me; but, if any one should recognize the portrait, let him rest assured of my entire forgiveness. He really had the worst of it, whether he got to Congress or not.

Among those who think that newspapers are specially printed for their benefit and behoof, are the amusement-mongers. The whole bad business of puffery was upon a much lower basis not a great many years ago; and the manager of a theatre, for the consideration of a free admission, thought himself entitled to the use of as many columns as he cared to fill. Actors I have always found a particularly sensitive class. When their performances were not extolled to the zenith, they were given to the display of much bad temper. You must not only praise them profusely, but you must praise their wives and children, if they chanced to be upon the boards. As I did not write the notices of these miraculous exhibitions, I did not see why I should be bothered about them; but bothered I was, and often sorely. One morning there walked into the Atlas office, in Boston, a gentleman of large proportions, and of even more than Roman dignity. He had in his hand a cane which I thought vibrated in an ominous manner; and all doubt was removed when, in his most rotund vein of tragic eloquence, he expressed the intention of chastising me. I was as innocent as an unborn babe of any wrong which I had done him, except that of listening sometimes to his loudest speeches in rather a listless way, and of denying him a meed of tears, even when he personated the Stranger—a part which in the most incompetent hands usually makes the pit cry profusely. I found immediately that my foe was a certain Mr. P. of the Boston Theatre, and I further found out that my theatrical critic had said something about Mr. P.'s wife, she also being upon the boards. Now the critic aforesaid was a perfectly well-bred gentleman, an Oxford man; and I could not believe that one who had taken a double first, and knew all about Euripides and Aeschylus, could be guilty of any impropriety in speaking of a lady. It turned out that he had said nothing of her acting, either good or bad, but something about her dress which he thought inappropriate. I gave this fierce Thespian to understand that he was making too much noise about nothing and that he had better make his exit at once. I suppose he thought so too, for he left with an air of consummate dignity. Manager Crummles couldn't have done it better.

Sometimes I got a touch of nature in the letters which were sent from the theatre to my newspaper, which made me as soft and amiable as a child. Theatrical audiences, upon both sides of the ocean, know Mrs. John Wood, an actress who was not probably seen at her best in New York. Mr. Barry brought her over from London when he opened the Boston Theatre, to do soubrettes and parts in which the distinction of the sexes, in respect to clothing, is ignored. She danced clumsily and sang prettily; but a woman fuller of a fine sense of humor I have never seen behind the footlights. She had a husband, who did the low comic business, and did it badly. He thought that fun consisted in painting cirruncles on his nose, in that extravagant St. Vitus style of twitching the arms about which, I believe, passes for funny in England, and in being as much like a clown in a horse-riding as possible. Our critic noticed mildly but firmly these peculiarities of Mr. John Wood, and suggested that he was not upon the whole provocative of laughter, and hardly of a sickly smile. The letter which, upon the publication of these comments, was sent to me, was an admirable evidence of the love of woman, which endureth almost to the end. Mrs. Wood informed me that Mr. Wood was acknowledged by English critics to be the superior of Buckstone; that his reputation throughout the United Kingdom was of the first order; and that I had better be careful how I allowed anybody to speak disrespectfully of him in my newspaper. The dear, bright little woman! It wasn't our fault if she got a quite too much of him afterward, and was obliged to send him adrift!

When Mademoiselle Rachel began her season in Boston, her manager demonstrated

his ability in that capacity by sending to the press no tickets. We had all solemnly determined to take no notice of her whatever on the morning after her debut, but dear old Tom Barry, the lessee of the theatre, heard of the blunder, and sent down the tickets in sheafs. One little peculiarity of this engagement was that I wrote all the articles on Mademoiselle Rachel's acting in our newspaper without knowing a word of French. I looked these marvels of criticism over lately, and was much astonished at the superiority of my jobwork. A really good journalist never betrays his ignorance of anything. He carries the whole encyclopedia, so to speak, in his vest pocket. How did I do it? Well, I did it much as Captain Shandon, in the debtor's prison, did the prospectus of the magazine, when he asked for Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, and wished to be left to his “abominable devices.” Mr. Goodrich, the foreman of the office, whom I still remember gratefully as the best proof-reader this erroneous world ever saw, happened to know French well, and helped me kindly. I bought the translation of Phedre, of Adrienne, and the rest; I threw in all manner of profound and acute critical observations; I followed the play carefully at the theatre, and I did the work beautifully. We saved fifty dollars, which would have hired a really competent critic and have given our readers something which it might have been worth their while to read. They found no fault with my ingenious reports of the wonderful tragedienne in Boston. Why not? Why, because, I suppose, they knew no more about the matter than I did.

I have thought it worth while to give this illustration of what I count among the pains of journalism. I have given it, not because I would underrate the calling which has supplied me with bread all my life; but because I would have the reader understand how hard we have to work, to what shifts we are exposed, and how we have a constant use for all the faculties which God has gifted us withal. The foremost pain of journalism is the egregious miscellaneousness of the work which is required. There must be perpetual alertness. There must be that accurate general knowledge which sends a man instantly to the right authority. There must be that self-suspicion, that distrust of memory which sets one to searching; to say nothing of that industry which knows no difference between night and day. Whoever undertakes to write for a newspaper needs what Napoleon called the courage of four o'clock in the morning. He must have a hand to grasp a subject with celerity; to be able in twenty minutes to tear the heart out of it; to fasten upon all the points at a glance; to see their humor or their tragedy; to understand their relation to the general drift of his own newspaper; and to write about them in English which will keep the breakfast for five minutes from his coffee and his rolls. Does anybody suppose that this is easy to do? I say that it is hard to do, and do well; and I think I ought to know. Take a leading article, for instance! You may go the rounds of the universities and the colleges, the churches (and all the places which men of culture frequent, and how many men will you find who can write a leading article? Outside of the newspaper offices, I venture to say, few indeed. There is no trouble in getting essays; but well do I remember how the excellent Mr. Greeley used to condemn some of our articles as “too essayish.” Learning is good; accuracy is better; grasp of the subject cannot be dispensed with, orthodox grammar, so far as the English language has any grammar, is highly desirable; but more desirable than all is the tact which enchains the reader and makes him conclude that which he began. There must be a salient vivacity in the lines which prevents him from seeing how many of them there are, until he has finished them.

CHANG.—London Referee: “My old friend Chang, the Chinese giant, after fifteen years' absence, has come back to England to show us what pigmies we are. I found him at the Westminster Aquarium, and I was not a little astonished to discover that he had grown considerably since I last shook his leg of mutton fist. Growing is a sort of vice with some people—they can't give it up. Chang now stands more than eight feet in his stockings. Most people, you know, only stand two there. All the young ladies who gather round him appear most anxious to know if he has yet entered the state of holy matrimony. Chang is artful. He knows that when a man is married all female interest in him disappears. For this reason it was that he told the inquiring ones that by the laws of his country he could not marry until the age of five-and-thirty, and that he had before him two more years of single blessedness; but I think I can remember a very pretty Mrs. Chang given to flirting. He measures sixty inches round the chest, and it is understood that when he wants to comb his wool or to scratch his head he has to get up a ladder to do it. He is so long that it takes him ten minutes to lie down and a quarter of an hour to get up again. He weighs twenty-six stone only, but has a span of eight feet with his arms outstretched, and ‘signs his name without an effort upon a sign-post ten feet six inches high.”

Charles Fechter's Monument.

July 10, '80.

EDITOR NEW YORK MIRROR:

DEAR SIR:—Will you kindly correct the statement made by your Philadelphia correspondent in regard to my husband's monument. It was designed and erected by myself alone; no one has given one farthing toward it, and I have begged myself to pay a just tribute to genius. By correcting the same in your valuable paper, you will oblige yours,

MRS. ELIZABETH FECHTER.

EXTRAVAGANZA ATTRACTIONS.

[London Era.]

Has the Stage lost its refinement, have audiences grown coarser in their tastes than their fathers were? The doubt came into our mind as we opened the collected edition of the late Mr. Planche's extravaganzas, which, thanks to the energy and assiduousness of Mr. Dillon Croker and Mr. Stephen Tucker, has formed a fitting mark of the appreciation of the labors of the elegant dramatist's literary life. When we think of the vulgar barbaresques, with their breakdowns and their parodies of every trashy song, that have managed to secure an ephemeral notoriety, and call to mind the adaptations of the prurient opera bouffes which we derive from the French, and which have found much favor from time to time, the humiliating apprehension may well rise in our minds that the oft-asserted degeneracy of the Stage may be looked for in the coarse proclivities of contemporaneous play-goers. That certain sections of the people of Great Britain, who find their hours of relaxation most pleasantly passed when they are within the walls of a theatre, have had their tastes, as regards the drama, educated downwardly for some years, there can be but little doubt; and the result is somewhat disheartening. But it does not follow that the long course of misdirection, which many playgoers have had applied to them, has altogether demoralized their taste; it may be pretty boldly hazarded that many have absented themselves from entertainments that they found uncongenial, their places being filled by those who might probably see nothing but what was most enjoyable in the dramatic fare provided for them. In this case the loss to the stage was doubtless as great, but it was in a different form, and was capable of being more quickly remedied, whenever amendment should be found practicable; for it would be easier to attract appreciative people back again by offering them something that they could enjoy than it would be to raise the taste of those who had had their histrionic palate damaged by hotly spiced or coarsely flavored dramatic dishes. As regards the general mental condition of our present day playgoers, there cannot be a doubt as to the encouraging evidence late years have shown of the vastly increasing appreciation of that which is intellectually most admirable displayed by large numbers of our theatre-loving public. Putting aside Pantomime season, which is manifestly altogether exceptional, the most successful houses have been those where earnest and continual efforts have been made to raise and maintain the intellectual status of their patrons. And we consider that the success which has so richly rewarded these exertions has been especially so great on account of the uninterrupted perseverance that they exhibited. We have seen very laudable endeavors at other establishments thoroughly unproductive, histrionically and financially, merely from an unlucky system of vacillation, which did not mark out a settled policy nor fix a standard of merit for their entertainment below which the managers were resolved they would not descend. This is a digression, however, although, in a certain way, it goes to substantiate the truth of the statement that the playgoing public of the last few years has made very considerable advance in much that is for the benefit of the Drama.

But such a condition of the theatrical taste renders our fears as to the cause of the decline of extravaganza perfectly nugatory; still the fact remains, although we expect it can only be accounted for hypothetically. One influence may perhaps be found in the casts of the pieces with which Mr. Planche's name is most especially associated, as compared with the average disposal of the characters of a modern burlesque. For instance, in *The Sleeping Beauty* in the Wood, first produced at Covent Garden just forty years ago, we find the original bill containing the names of Mme. Vestris, Miss Rainforth, and of Messrs. Harley, James Bland, James Vining and John Brougham, while the lovely Miss Fairbrother is announced as one of the dancing sylphides. In *Beauty and the Beast* William Harrison, who was for years afterward the principal tenor in Balfe's operas, was cast to the latter half of the title role. Clever James Hudson was in *Fortunio*, and in *The Fair One* with the Golden Locks Miss P. Horton and Miss Julia Bennett entered in friendly emulation as to which should delight the audience the more. What an array of talent again was presented for Theseus and Ariadne; Mme. Vestris, Charles Mathews, charming Kathleen Fitzwilliam, clever Polly Marshall, whose Cupid was a thing to remember, H. Hall, and S. Smith, and every subordinate part adequately represented. But the care of these extravaganzas was not limited to the acting and singing. Taste was the watchword of the managers who presented the majority of these pieces. The cheap laugh easily obtained by a ludicrous and ugly dress was resigned, being sacrificed to the love of the beautiful. Artistic and gorgeous scenery illustrated the work with as much propriety as it would have been possible to bring to the assistance of a play of Shakespeare's, while ballet and chorus received no less attention. Another cause of the great attractiveness found in extravaganzas during Mme. Vestris' gorgeous theatrical management was doubtless the wonderful contrast they offered with what the public had hitherto been familiar. Those who remembered the vulgarities and coarseness of Chronophotolithographs and of Bombastes Furioso, and who with every returning Christmas had but an experience of that satumalia of ugliness which the masks of the old-fashioned pantomimes supplied, would naturally give enthusiastic encouragement to an entertainment as conformable to good taste and refinement as it was productive of amusement and exhilaration. The eye and the ear were not only diverted, they were cultivated, and in a certain sense instructed. The most sensitive and fastidious people had rarely a risk of having their delicacy hurt, and would be, therefore, disposed to seek the theatres which offered a prospect of amusement without there being a likelihood of such enjoyment meeting with any jokes that would make the judicious grieve.

But the main secret of the very great success of these extravaganzas, we believe, lay

in the fact that they were but a supplement—a handsome and important one, we admit—yet they were only a supplement to the evening's entertainment. Once they were made the pieces de resistance, so soon did they betray their slightness and lack of strength for such a position. It was the dessert after the dinner; and to take away the latter was to starve the histrionic guest, or to render it necessary to introduce other elements into the appendage of the feast to add to its dramatic consistency. This change, we think, was what gave so severe a wound to the extravaganza which had for so many years graced our stage. From that time came the burlesque, more or less, in the form in which we now have it.

Modern burlesque, be it understood, does not make its stand upon taste, but too frequently rather defies it. Modern burlesque does not ask for a pretty fairy tale or a charming legend; it wants something that it can distort and render ludicrous, by fair means if it can, or— Well, it is as important for the modern burlesque writer to get laughs as it was for the Quaker's son to get money, and if they are not to be obtained in a legitimate way so much the worse, but they must be obtained. With this necessity, subjects had to be caught openhanded, their great qualification consisting in the fact that the general public was familiar with them. Thus we had a burlesque of *Romeo and Juliet* with some niggers in the heroine's grave, suggested no doubt by the “bones” that might be found there; the pathetic story of *Any Robsart* has afforded another subject of distortion, and we remember a like caricature of the unhappy heroine of Orleans, in which the preparation of Joan of Arc's terrible execution is brought about by two of the dramatist's personae counting out firewood bundles two by two, as may be seen occasionally outside the shops of suburban tallow-chandlers. Breakdowns and topical songs have also formed a very important adjunct to the modern burlesque. Indeed, the former are so indispensable that even the “old women” do their walk-and with the youngest of the company, a performance not to the advantage, perhaps, of the vocal exhibition of the actors and actresses, who frequently have to attempt to sing with their lungs exhausted by the violent exercise which has preceded their verse.

It need not be deduced from this deteriorated entertainment that the taste of the audience has degenerated, but it may rather be presumed that the individuals who form that audience are altogether of a different stamp from those who used to delight in Planche's extravaganzas. One cause, by-the-by, might be suggested as a reason for the decadence of these elegant spectacles in the fact that the author had few, if any, rivals in what may be called his specialty; and it may also be hinted that occasionally there are traces of attempts in some of his works to compete with a less polished style of composition, as if the senior dramatist had had apprehensions that his verses were being surpassed in popularity by writers of a more boisterous quality. He need not have feared that, for he found no pupil who attained the eminence of the master; and the collected edition of his extravaganzas may show any one how well their success was merited. We hope also that another benefit may arise from men's attention being drawn to these favorites of the past, in authors being induced to attempt something of the same character, so that an entertainment that was found delightful by our fathers may not be altogether withheld from ourselves.

Not a Lost Art.

G. L. Chapin, who has been an enthusiastic student for thirty years of violin-making, has recently written to controvert the opinion that it is a lost art. Nothing relating to music, he says, has been more fruitful of silly legends, romance and superstition than the violin. Not that the old masters did not produce some grand instruments. But it is a mistake to suppose that they worked by a rule, system, or secret which invariably gave good results; that a violin is excellent simply because it bears the name of Da Salo, Maggini, Amati, Stradivarius or Guarnerius, or that the best productions of these masters can never again be equalled. Stradivarius, for instance, had more poor than good violins and made more bad ones than any other maker of the great period. He is said to have turned out two thousand instruments, but only twelve really fine ones of his make are now known to be in existence. Da Salo and Maggini each made less than five hundred instruments, but only about a dozen of each maker are extant.

In a recent work on the subject, Charles Goffrie, after an examination of the Cremonas in the collections of Plowden, Gillett, Villanue, Bonjour and others, says that he “found that they were decidedly hard in tone, resembling new instruments.” And Prof. Le Brun, who played in the same concerts with Paganini, and had in his hands nearly all the noted Cremonas fifty and sixty years ago, says that the Guarnerius from which that great violinist drew such wonderful tones would have attracted little attention in the hands of an ordinary professional. Mr. Chapin's conclusion is that “the old makers made some instruments as good as can be made, but emphatically no better. Also, they made some instruments as good as can be made now, but the larger number made by them are not up to the present standard of power, and the few that are up to this standard are in the hands of artists or in collections, and entirely out of the market. A large number of good violins have been made since the great period, and it is safe to say that a large number of instruments bearing the marks of the old makers and accredited to them were never near Cremona.”

The old instruments do not appear to have been made according to any fixed rule or principle, but on the “cut and try” plan. Nor is there any uniformity in their make or published directions concerning their construction. Mr. Chapin tells us that he has owned two of the masters' instruments of the great period and fifty instruments of the best reputed imitators, has examined more than 2,000 other violins of various grades and patterns, and has read what has been published on the subject, but that he has failed to find “even how long to make the f's in a given-sized instrument, to say nothing of where they should be placed.” He gives certain ratio, measurements, and directions for constructing a violin in accordance with the laws of sound, and remarks that “instruments made to demonstrate this theory can be seen.” Violins, he claims, can and should be made on scientific principles, as other musical instruments are. As good violins can be produced here as have been made at Cremona, and the chief reason why this is not done, he says, is that the people will not pay for them.

SARA WINKLEY BARTON.

INTERVIEW WITH ONE OF THE MOST PROMISING OPERA SINGERS—HER CAREER IN EUROPE.

Miss Sara Winkley Barton, whose home is in Salem, Mass., has spent years of study in Europe, and the coming season will be heard in New York and other cities. Returning as she did at the latter part of the season of 1879-'80, she concluded to wait until the beginning of a fresh season before appearing in her native land. From an interview with the lady herself and inquiries of those who know of her career, it seems that, unlike most singers who have studied in Europe, she made no effort to have her successes there chronicled, because she saw so many undeserving singers gain fame to which they were not entitled. She decided to come home unheralded and trust to the public judgment here of her right to claim an honorable place among the prima-donne of the operatic stage. The following sketch of her career, however, will show that Miss Barton has a claim for popular favor in advance of what she will gain by her personal debut in opera. She was born in Salem, Mass., and early showed a taste for music, which, being cultivated, she soon developed talent as well as taste. While growing up, she sang in several church choirs in her native city. Later she became a member of the choir at the Park Street Church Boston, and at Dr. Putnam's Church, Boston Highlands, and subsequently of the choir at King's Chapel. The choir at that time consisted of Miss Barton, Mrs. D. C. Hall, Mr. Edward Prescott and Dr. Guilmette, the latter lately deceased. She sang in concert for some little time in a company which was led by Ole Bull, visiting a larger portion of the United States.

In November, 1870, in company with Mrs. D. C. Hall, she left for Florence to pursue her studies. Here she passed three years under the instruction of Signor Vannucini, making great progress in her studies and becoming a great favorite with her teacher. At the end of that time she met the impresario Chaffee, who engaged her to make her debut at Warsaw. Her first appearance was accordingly made at the Imperial Theatre, where she received an enthusiastic ovation in the leading female character in Verdi's Don Carlos. She also appeared in La Favorita, as Pierotto in Linda di Chamouni, and as Siebel in Gounod's Faust during the season. The following Spring she made an engagement for Treviso, singing in Verdi's La Forza del Destino. In this character she made a great hit everywhere. Miss Barton tells an amusing story of her experience in showing that an American girl was not to be imposed upon even away from her native land. At one theatre where she sang the chorus, like some of the operatic choruses elsewhere, was composed of some exceedingly plain people, several being quite cross-eyed. The business of the piece requires the chorus to imitate the motion of the artist while she drummed the rataplan, with their hands. The effect of a large number of cross-eyed people with optics turned in every direction, drumming upon invisible tympani, was too much for the audience, and a roar of laughter was the consequence. After this had been two or three times repeated, Miss Barton became weary of it, and finally left the stage in disgust and the audience in the lurch. The latter, according to its usual custom, burst into a storm of hisses. The impresario was in despair, and rushed frantically to Miss Barton's dressing-room, and with much wringing of hands declared that she had ruined him, that she could never sing there again, and much more of the same sort. Said the artist: "I am an American. They must not laugh at me. They should respect me if not the chorus." At last, however, to pacify the impresario and the theatre directors, who had also come forward with expostulations, she went before the curtain and told the audience that as she was "indisposed" she could not sing any more that night. The auditors' mood again changed, and her chorus was never again laughed at. At Reggio, the same season, she sang an engagement which included her benefit, in The Barber of Seville. Between each of her various engagements she returned to Florence and continued her studies, thus leading a busy life of toil. At Trieste the next Spring she sang in Ruy Blas. At her benefit she was overwhelmed with bouquets and sashes, according to the custom of the country, where bouquets were presented to favorite artists are bound with beautiful and costly sashes of rich design. Miss Barton soon after this engagement fell ill and had to lose a year and a half, necessitating the breaking of an engagement to sing as Amneris in Verdi's Aida at the San Carlo Theatre, Naples, and also at the Carnival at Malta. In the Autumn she resumed work under the celebrated impresario Scialabani, with whom she had a three years' engagement. Previous to this she sang a two months' engagement at the Theatre Nuova, Florence, appearing in Cinderella, in which, as the papers of the day expressed it, "the public was astonished to hear an American singer of the correct school, her clearness of voice showing great credit to her master," and predicting that she would become "the star of the prima-donne." Scialabani, the buffo, who has since retired from the stage and who supported her in this engagement, complimented her very highly. In December Miss Barton made her debut in Norma as Adalgisa at the Pagliano, Florence, Signora Carlotta Carozzi-Zucchi singing Norma, it being that artist's last season. Of Miss Barton's appearance the Gazzetta di Florence had a highly poetical description. Following this engagement, which included also three weeks of The Barber of Seville, Miss Barton took part in a series of concerts by the Philharmonic Orchestra at Florence, of which Prince Carlo Poniatowski was President, at the close of which the Prince presented her with a magnificent floral pyramid of roses tied with a sash upon which was her name in letters of gold. She next appeared as Stephano in the old opera, by Ricci, enti-

tled Luigi Rolla. Of this personation Ricci remarked that "he had never found one to take the part so well." Of her benefit in this character at the Pergola, the journals of the time had records of the highest praise. In 1876 Miss Barton visited Milan, without any intention of singing at La Scala, the largest theatre in the world, but being induced to sing there she did so with such success that the impresario, Signore Corte, desired an engagement of three years. She next made her debut in Anna Bolena. She next sang in Les Huguenots as Urbano, the page. At this time she was engaged to sing with Stoltz in Rienzi at St. Petersburg, but was prevented from doing so on account of illness. The next Summer she sang at Leghorn in Faust, Trovatore, and several other operas. The next season she had to break her engagement with La Scala on account of illness, and next appeared in a carnival at Turin, where she sang Ruy Blas and Lucrezia Borgia. In the latter the drinking song always gained recalls. At Venice, the beautiful, she appeared the next season in The Barber of Seville, Faust, and several other operas, always gaining the same success. This was in 1878. During this season she took a benefit, taking the character of Romeo in Romeo and Juliet.

Miss Barton returned home last season and made no engagements, taking the rest which she needed much. She is now in correspondence with several operatic managers and will probably close with one of them in a week or two. Personally she is a lady of great beauty and refinement, combining talent with a becoming modesty. She describes her life abroad as a very pleasant one, saying that she received the very kindest treatment from all with whom she came in contact. Of the Italian people she has the most pleasant memories. She describes them as the most enthusiastic over one whom they like, lavishing upon such the greatest amount of praise, showing their admiration in gifts and in honors, only equal in degree to that lavished upon persons of royal blood. They are critical to an intense degree also. Even the poorest persons are good judges of right and wrong, musically. At one time while pursuing her studies and engaged in practice at her lodging, she received sudden visits from the cook of the establishment, a woman, of course, of the humble walks of life, who would rush into the singer's apartments and tell her some fault of pronunciation or intonation. Even the smallest towns have their opera-house, sometimes the only public building in the place, save a church. The poor classes will deprive themselves of almost the necessities of life to enjoy their Sunday evening feast of operatic music. Artists there, as a rule, however, are poorly paid, and there is a prevalent custom among the impresarios of accepting money from ambitious and unequal singers, and allowing the latter to satisfy their ambition to appear upon the stage. This custom accounts for the elaborate notices from abroad regarding people who were thought nothing of before they went abroad. The people, however, as here, are the judges of what they like, and pass their judgment accordingly, applauding enthusiastically what they deem worthy and hissing unmercifully anything that displeases them.

The American Exchange.

(Anglo-American Times.)

An advantage tourists have in the American Exchange, 449 Strand, is in the facilities it affords as a Dispatch Agency, being regulated expressly to meet their requirements. Some families have discovered by a disagreeable experience what we now indicate. On the 2d of August, one of these groups arrived in London from the Continent en route for Liverpool, where their passage was booked by the steamer of the 5th. They never dreamt of any interruption, considering the time they had allowed ample. But the 2d was Saturday, the 3d Sunday, 4th the Bank holiday (Monday), and the next day was that on which they were to leave the Mersey. Unconscious of the holiday according to Act of Parliament, they went to the city on Monday to find the doors of their banking institution closed, and every place of business shut. No alternative remained but to stay till the following week, telegraphing to the United States that they had missed the steamer. There are four of these holidays alone in the year, and others with which Americans are little more familiar, so doubtless such cases frequently occur.

Now the American Exchange is open on Saturday after all the banking institutions have closed. It is open on Sunday purposely to accommodate travelers, and it is open on such holidays, so they can not only get their letters, but have their credits cashed, and thus avoid such contretemps. In having letters addressed to the Exchange, the traveler saves time in their receipt, for the early closing of the banks on Saturday prevents the letters being dispatched to the address, or delivered to the visitor; therefore he neither gets his letters so quickly either in or out of London. As a dispatch agency, the American Exchange is the most convenient place of business in Europe; and this is true of it only in a less degree as an agency for the deposit of baggage.

"The Pirates" at the Vaudeville.

CHORUS OF POLICEMEN.

When the pituité is engaged in sibilant
—sibilant,
Of course it's "opposition organized."
—organized,
It can't be that this brilliant lucubration
—lucubration
Deserves to be by hisses criticised
—criticised,
New plays are each more brilliant than the
—than the other;
The management says this one's bound to
—bound to run,
All factions opposition let us smother
—let us smother
By chucking out the hisses every one.
—every one,
When this we have heroically done
—heroically done,
The treasury at once will overrun
—overrun.
Of course the fault is not in the construction
—the construction;
The dialogue is witty, keen, and bright
—keen and bright;
Then what can be the cause of all this ruction
—all this ruction,
But simple, unadulterated spite
—rated spite.
Then collar we the son of every mother
—every mother,
Who doesn't split his sides at every pun;
—every pun.
Oh, take one consideration with another
—with another,
This chucking out is really splendid fun.
—splendid fun,
When this ingenious dodge we have begun
—have begun,
The treasury of course will overrun
—overrun.
—(London Figaro.)

BELLINI AND GIUDITTA PASTA.

The Scala (Milan) has engaged for the composition of its chief opera a young musician who has rapidly risen in public favor—it is Vincenzo Bellini. He has studied bravely, worked, struggled, hoped, and not for one moment failed in courage. For three years he had remained in Naples as a pupil of the celebrated Zingarelli; very soon after this he wrote his first opera, which was soon followed by a second, which was produced in the San Carlo Theatre with great success.

In a room in the Albergo San Marco sits Bellini at his table, which is covered with all kinds of books, and before him lies the open score of his Sonnambula, in which the master is absorbed. Although Bellini is now in his thirtieth year, one cannot help fancying he still sees in him the youth who once listened to Madra Rica's fairy tale. His face, which is somewhat pale, is fringed with golden locks, and is of no common cast. Bellini is approaching the height of his ambition, yet an unstill longing often passes, like a sigh, through his mind, and then the young composer feels that there is still much more needed for him to be happy.

There in the Albergo, not far from his own room, suddenly a mellow voice is heard, rich and full, like the sound of a flute ascending to its highest notes, and then again descending to its wonderful depths with equal ease. Then the same voice broke forth with such dramatic power, with such an energetic expression, that the surprised listener grew pale, and felt the rapid pulsation of his heart. Some renowned cantatrice must be near—it cannot be otherwise—for Bellini has never before heard such a magnificent, brilliant voice. The singing grows more hushed, like a soft whisper, yet Bellini distinctly hears each single sound, the cantatrice herself seems to approach his room. Now this wonderful voice rises again with the swiftness of lightning, at the same moment the door of Bellini's study opens, and on the threshold appears a woman, her eyes being fixed on the young musician.

It is a tall figure, with a face which bears the type of the classic beauties of ancient Rome. The large dark eyes glisten with their luminous rays, the coral lips, still parted, show two rows of pearly teeth. Now the small, well-shaped mouth begins to smile, and approaching Bellini, the cantatrice holding out her small, white hand, said in soft, melodious tones—I need not ask, maestro, if it is you who have filled poor Straniero Julietta with such sweet, intoxicating sounds? Only thus can the son of Sicily show himself, who likes to wander on moonlit nights through the divine regions of melody. I have come to follow your career with you, for Giuditta Pasta will be Amina in your Sonnambula.

Bellini, for a moment struck with astonishment, rose, seized the hand of the cantatrice, and pressed it to his lips. All his wishes for a beautiful representation of his new creation were fulfilled. The voice of Giuditta Pasta, which in its single sounds had exercised so great a charm over him, how would it charm in his melodies all those who were to listen to it!

Soon Bellini sat before the piano, and played to the great artist his Sonnambula, and Pasta sang Amina as magnificently as if she had studied her part for months. When the last notes had died away a thrill of joy passed through Bellini. He rose and embraced the great songstress, whilst tears moistened his eyes; and Pasta held the excited young musician in her arms, as if he were a child whom she had come to protect, and to lead to desired happiness.

There suddenly resounded from without joyous exclamations, and when the two artists approached the window they were surprised to see a dense crowd of people, which had assembled in order to listen to the singing, and who were now rending the air with their enthusiastic applause. The fate of the new opera was decided.

After the first tumult of joy was over, composer and singer seated themselves near the open window, and talked over the new work, inhaling at the same time the flower-scented breath of Spring. Pasta found the music magnificent; the melodies wonderful in their majestic beauty; but the action appeared to her to be too simple and of insufficient dramatic value.

"Maestro," she therefore said, with all the frankness of her nature, "your Sonnambula offers, both for your talent and mine, too few true dramatic scenes. Hitherto you have not been served well by your text-writers; they have yielded by far too much to your inclinations, and have even treated the real dramatic substance in too light a manner. I will bring you a book, maestro, which will be worthy of your talent and of that of your singer; for Giuditta Pasta remains with you until you have written your masterpiece, and until I shall have gained a most crowning triumph. Only then will you know the highest happiness which music bestows on her favorites."

Bellini was now filled with a sacred joy, and the more he associated with Pasta the more this joyous feeling partook the form of happiness, of which Bellini had hitherto but dreamed, and not dared to think of so beautiful a realization.

Sonnambula was performed, and created indescribable enthusiasm among the Milanese public. The beautiful melodies went to the heart with their own benignant force and intoxicated the senses of all those that listened. Rabbini sang the tenor, Elvino, with his rare enchanting voice, but Pasta won the crown of victory. Her singing in the great finale was overpowering. After the representation her horses were unharnessed, taken out, and she was not permitted to return home until she had yielded to the entreaties of the delighted public, and had once more sung from her open carriage her last hymn of joy, under a star bespangled sky. At this moment the composer seemed to be forgotten.

On the next morning Pasta went to Bellini, holding a manuscript in her hand, which she gave to the composer, the light of joy gleaming in her lustrous eyes. Then she said: "I keep my word, maestro; and believe me, by so doing I render to you my sincerest gratitude for the beautiful part you have written for me; but you will write one far better still. Read this manuscript; it is entitled Norma; and I will be Norma, the prophetess, the wife with the glow n heart, for which she has sacrificed all—her home, her life."

Bellini took the book and read. Soon he began to doubt if he should be able to write

in sufficiently powerful tones of the mighty passion of the Gallician prophetess; but Pasta did not cease, she inspired Bellini.

Norma was performed in the Scala, and now only Bellini's full value as composer seemed to be recognized by the Milanese public. Both he and Pasta received after the first representation of Norma equal honors; they shared their triumphs, for in thinking and feeling they were one.

The renown of the new opera rapidly became widespread, and a few months after its introduction it was given in Paris, in London, and then on all the larger stages in Germany. At the Italian Opera of the above-named cities Norma was sung by the celebrated Malibran, and Bellini's heart was filled with joy when thinking of the scene in the olive grove at L'Ognina, where the now so renowned artist appeared to him as his child-fairy.

Would she still think of him! Oh, certainly, she must remember him when singing his melodies! This thought occupied the mind of the maestro more and more, and he at last longed to quit the paradise of happiness in which he was at present living, and to go and see the great artist, who had led him to the path of triumph which he was now treading with so brilliant a success, in Paris and in London. But mighty bonds kept him back in Milan—claimed him to the side of Pasta, to whom he owed so much, and for whom he again wrote a new part, Beatrice di Tenda.

While thus hesitating, Bellini received a letter from London, written with tempting words, and signed "Maria Malibran." The young composer could not resist the charming voice that called him, and he resolved to abandon the paradise in which he had tasted the golden fruit of happiness. He might do so; for the new opera, the last gift of love, consecrated to his beautiful fatherland, and to his singer, was now completed.

Norma was to be performed at the Scala when Giuditta Pasta received a farewell letter from her friend and composer. Bellini had departed!

True, Giuditta's beautiful face grew pale, her trembling fingers crushed Bellini's letter, but she sang—sang, and never had Norma been performed with such demoniacal power as on this evening. The applause of the public was stormy, its joyous shouts ceaseless, indescribable its enthusiasm, but it was also the last tribute of admiration which the Milanese could pay to the great artist. On the next day Pasta left the town, and went to one of the lakes, where she lived in solitude. She never sang Beatrice, which Bellini had dedicated to her. Perhaps, Bellini's happiness and hers also was gone.

Artemus Ward in 1858.

In the Spring of 1858, before Artemus Ward was ever heard of, says A. Miner Griswold, being "brought out of newspaper work on account of the suspension of a Buffalo daily on which I had been employed, the editor said to me: 'Why not go up to Cleveland and try the Plain Dealer?' A green young man by the name of Brown is local there, but he isn't of any account, and Mr. Gray would readily exchange him for a capable person like yourself. I will give you a letter to Mr. Gray." I didn't quite like the idea of crowding a man out, but as I was informed that the incompetent Brown would be compelled to leave soon anyhow, I concluded that I might as well apply for the inevitable vacancy as any one else. So I took the letter and started. I remember feeling sorry for Brown as I neared the Plain Dealer office, and I was half disposed to turn back when I reached the door, but I walked in and inquired for the proprietor. A tall, slim young man stepped forward, whose prominent feature was an intensely aquiline nose, and informed me in a low and plaintive voice that Mr. Gray was confined to his house on account of an accident, but that he was prepared to act in his absence. "My name," he remarked simply, "is Brown."

The letter was never presented. I tore it up the first opportunity, and neither Mr. Gray nor the man by the name of Brown ever knew that it had an existence. I was much pleased with my new acquaintance. He was simply "Charley Brown" then, without a attached to his surname. If he had ever written over the non de plume of Artemus Ward before that period I was not aware of it. He was not known by that appellation at any rate. He was a mild-mannered, sunny tempered young fellow of 22 or 23, who delighted in witty anecdotes, and told droll stories himself in an inimitable way. His work on the Plain Dealer consisted in getting up a column or two of local items, each day, and it was only occasionally that the fun there was in him cropped out in a paragraph.

The unaffected cordiality with which Mr. Brown received me when he learned I was a brother scribe won me. The first night of our acquaintance he took me to a school exhibition on Cleveland Heights—Humiston's, it was called—and his whispered comments upon the performance amused me greatly. They gave a portion of the play of Rolla. "How now, Gomez, what bringest thou?" Gomez—"On yonder mountain we surprised an old Peruvian." Brown, in a whisper—"They knew him by his bark, a small bundle of which you perceive he carries on his shoulder." There have been many Peruvian-bark jokes since, but that was then fresh to me—too fresh perhaps.

It did not occur to me, as we drove back in the buggy, that my new friend was the least bit eccentric. After riding along in silence for a time, he suddenly declared that he liked me, and asked me if I had any objections to one embrace. Then he attempted to throw his arms around me, but owing to the darkness, I suppose, he embraced a new plug hat that I wore, and when he let it go it was crushed into a shapeless mass. He apologized profusely when he discovered what he had done, appeared to give way to a momentary burst of tears, and then said that Shakespeare wouldn't have succeeded as a local editor, because he hadn't the necessary fancy and imagination! His humorous account of the school exhibition in the next day's paper confirmed me in the impression that the young man by the name of Brown possessed a rare streak of original humor. The following Autumn he published the first Artemus Ward letter that was extensively copied, an account of the Atlantic celebration in Baldwinville, followed soon after by the Free Lovers of Berlin Heights, and from that time his progress was rapid and brilliant, and within less than two years he took his place at the head of American humorists.

CAPOUL IN AMERICA.

(Paris Figaro.)

You expressed a wish, my dear friend, to have a bird's-eye view of my last tour in America. I will not tell you of my feelings in crossing thither; they consisted in the frightful sufferings, and at the same time ridiculous state of sea-sickness. Scarcely had we left the land when everyone knew everyone else, at least by sight; they passed and repassed each other, they nodded to each other, they chose their companions, and the grand promenades began. If time permitted they smiled on the mothers to walk with the daughters; if a cloud appeared they talked about the weather; if a sailing-vessel displayed its white wings in the distance, all the field-glasses were raised. Where is it going? whence comes it?

In the morning a bell is rung; it is for the onion soup, the acid smell of which revives you; at ten o'clock it rings again for breakfast; at two in the afternoon, it summons you to luncheon; at six its loud and joyous voice (of course only to those who are not groaning in their gloomy cabins) calls all the travelers who are not suffering to dinner. Nor is this all: there is still the tea bell; add to this the reiterated sound of the bell on board that the sailor on watch converts into a perpetual carillon, night and day, and you will be able to judge for yourself of the effect.

At last we arrived at the end of our long voyage. It is the bay of New York, at once the most charming and the greatest possible. We came in sight of the quay, where there was an enormous crowd of relations, friends, and mere spectators. A loud hurrah was heard, hats, handkerchiefs, sticks, and umbrellas were waved.

The vessel stopped, we disembarked, and some minutes after we were in the arms of our director, Maurice Grau, who pressed each of us affectionately to his heart, calling us "his dear artists."

"It is all right, is it not, my friends?" he said immediately, "we shall begin on the 13th with Fille Angot."

"It is all right," I answered for my two comrades, not yet initiated into the mysteries of the English language.

And this first performance of Angot took place at New York with all the conditions of a certain success.

As for me, I was already known and liked by the public of New York. The Fille de Madame Angot is rather an opera-comique than an operetta, and the role of Ange Pitou gave me no opportunity of really singing; so I would rather, for my first appearance, have an clou, as they say now.

For this reason, with the goodwill of my director, I placed a romance in the third act, which is the least important for the tenor. "Romance especially composed for M. Capoul by the author," the advertisements stated. I observed to Grau that Lecocq had never thought of me in this occurrence, and that it would be prudent to avoid all protestation (which was not wanting) to make a different announcement. "What?" answered he, "romance composed by the author—of the romance! how do you accent it?" "What can be said against it?" I asked.

Complete and easy success followed, and Lecocq has too much sense and talent to bear me any ill-will for having used the prestige of his name to facilitate my debut, on the result of which rested to a great extent, all the future of our tour.

After the Fille Angot, which all New York came to applaud, the list of all the opera-bouffes followed: La Perichole, La Grande Duchesse, La Belle Helene, Les Brigands, Girofle-Girofla, etc., which gave us a good month's work, in which our director reaped a superb harvest. Then followed the traveling—to Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, and all the large and small towns of the West.

The American railways bear no resemblance to our French ones; picture to yourself immense carriages, which one may enter and leave like a room; in which one may walk and eat, and finally sleep in a good bed. You will easily guess all that can take place under such a system of traveling.

What is made up in the way of marriages on the line is incalculable; but it is quite natural in a country where everything is done by steam.

The amount of work we got through in this tour of eight months is incredible. Singing every evening and twice on Saturdays! It is the custom in the United States to give two representations on that day, morning and evening. By way of rest our insatiable director advertised for Sunday a Grand Sacred Concert, with fragments of The Grande Duchesse, Belle Helene, or Cloches de Corneville.

But in spite of everything, here I am back again, and in good health, with a little more money, which is not to be despised in these days.

I have returned then to the dear South. I do not intend to announce my final retirement, like so many others, who reappear regularly from time to time; the demon of the stage will have only to tempt me. I rest calmly, ignorant of the future, and retire into my shell, from which I shall only come out every now and then to take the air of the boulevard in Paris, and to grasp the hands of all my friends.

Ode to a Clam.

Sphinx of the fragrant sand!
Thou art the stony emblem of repose,
Terrestrial type of silence and stability—
Though thou possessess little versatility,
Or ease agility.
Within thy saline cave upon the strand,
Thou standest on thy toes
And gazest through thy porthole at the grand
Procession of the stars,
And shuddereest at the elemental wars.
Thou tender-hearted teacher of humility!
O off-spring of the wedded land and sea,
From worldly worry thou art free.
Born of the odorous shore,
Where bland September smiles,
And sweetening breezes blow from spicy
Isles,
Where Summer suns are glowing,
And back and forth the fragrant wave is flow-
ing!
All favoring forces blend
That earth or sky can lend
To give to man this stone-imprisoned torso,
This savory mor-eau!
How very thankful, then, we ought to be,
O clam!
Thy evolution hath engendered thee—
I am.

BALLAD OF "THE COMBINATION."

FOUNDED ON A SKETCH FROM THE NEW YORK MIRROR.*

[New York World.]

I.
How doth the unbusy hamfatter
Improve the unshining hour
Striving his baggage to release
From the village landlord's power!
Soon as upon a melting world
Midsummer's sun has glowed,
Hamfatters, like to highwaymen,
Do take unto the road,
In troupes of bright particular stars
And Combinations grand,
Each with three new sensation plays,
At the very least, on hand.
Long ere the Autumn breeze has blown
And reddened leaves 'gin flit
Their elegies are in THE NEW
YORK MIRROR duly writ,
"Stranded at Murreboro', Tenn.,"
"Gone up at Omaha,"
"Disbanded at West Podunk, Maine,"
Or "Bust at East Paw-Paw."

II.
O sad is the hamfatter's fate,
And hard the row he boos;
My feeble pen can scarce relate
A fraction of his woes.
When to far Indianian wilds
His Combination fares
The signal service hurricanes
And waterspouts prepares,
Or eloquent revivals
Before the opening day
Convert spectators otherwise
That at the doors would pay;
When cometh the Combination round
The local journalist
Insists his name must not be found
On the profane free list;
And even the village councillors
Free passes do refuse
With store of firmness such as they
Don't usually use.
THE MIRROR's correspondent writes,
"The Blank-Dash Combination
Opened to business that was not
Quite up to expectation;
On Wednesday"—then the announcement
comes
Of the troupe's disorganization.

III.
O when in times of sleek woe
The landlord fell doth seize
The luggage of the hamfatter
Ill-fares it with Louise
Mungummary, whose dresses rare
And stage accessories,
Fill two trunks and a handbox and
A sole-leather valise.
'Tis better to be a walking gent,
Or e'en the supe abhorred,
Whose nightly duty 'tis to cry
"The carriage waits, me Lord,"
For Miss Louise Mungummary's traps
Mine host will levy upon;
While with his trusty paper-collar,
The supe will get him gone.
And if the supe's heart merry be,
And sound if he be shoon,
He will turn up at Union Square
In the succeeding June,
Looking like one hath ta'en a deal
Of pedestrian exercise,
And hath become a connoisseur
In the matter of railroad ties,
But telling as to the others he hath
The customary lies.

IV.
Thus fared it with a certain troupe
Who an engagement played
To houses mostly paper (not
That of which are greenbacks made),
For when they came to count their cash
They barely could plank down
Enough to pay their passages
To an adjacent town.
Up rose the business manager,
Saying, "Brothers, I opine
We should our board-bill liquidate
With the facile clothes-line
Of the charity of penny-cord
In Shakespeare ye have read
Like quittance may be given with
Clothes-line or cord of bed.
Though our host seems a mild-mannered man
And feigns to love the stage,
And pities poor dramatic folk.
In an unkindly age,
Still have I thought 't would be as well,
The man who drives the bus
To hire with a dollar as
Confederate with us.
When strikes the witching hour of ten
Beneath us with a dray
He will receive the baggage we
From hence shall lower away,
And ship them to the neighboring town
Sans dangerous delay.
The star, her three trunks and valise,
The leading man his two,
The soubrette and the father's one
He'll take in order due;
And the low comedian's carpet bag
Infated with a quill
Which seems to be security
For at least a fortnight's bill,
And the walking gentleman's spare shirt
Wrapped in good paper brown,
And the other baggage of the troupe
Shall to him be lowered down."

V.
Prompt at the witching hour of ten
Was heard a whistle low,
And the manager lowered the star's three
trunks,
And his own portmanteau
And all the other luggage of
The troupe in order due * * *
Next morn so bland the landlord was,
So hospitable, too,
That through the hearts of his hardened
guests
A thrill of pity ran,
To think they should have overreached
So excellent a man.
He knew, he said, that times were hard,
That business had been poor;
None the less in people of their kind
He felt a faith secure.
For even if they could not pay,
But went to towns beyond
And later sent the money back,
Their word was as their bond
To him. And when the manager
(A sheepish man was he

To think they had put up a job
On such sweet simplicity!
Explained they were not in—he meant
As to the bill they owed,
They would remit from another point
Further upon the road,
The landlord's hospitable face
Benevolently glowed.
"Agreed!" he cried; "I'm satisfied:
But what ye owe to me
In another way this very day
Ye little wot, perdie!"

VI.
"Had it not been for my watchfulness
And earnestness, good lack!
Ye had not had a single rag
To your dramatic back.
Last night a daring thief unknown
From yonder tall window
Was lowering your baggage to
A confederate below.
The street-lamp flickered opposite
And as upon a screen
The shade of a slow-descending trunk
Was on my window seen.
(Chord.)
Naught said I. When the thief had done
I pounced upon his booty,
And then the upper chamber searched,
As was my simple duty.
No trace of the wicked man
Could anywhere be found,
But the rescued trunks in my baggage-room
Are reposing safe and sound.
The star's three trunks and her valise,
The leading-man his two,
And the baggage of the others of
The troupe in order due.
The star she swooned and the manager swore,
But when the train went out
Only one actor left the town—
The walking-gent so stout.
"Why should I weep for a single shirt
When the world before me lies?"
So sang he as with sturdy foot
He smote the resounding ties.

*"Stranded at Millin," by E. Milton Gott-
hold, in issue of May 15.

"DEAD-HEADS."

BY A MIRROR CORRESPONDENT.

In common with many, if not all, of the
provincial correspondents of THE MIRROR, I
have during the past season had occasion to
exhibit my green ticket to many of the vari-
ous agents, managers and treasurers of trav-
eling companies, and I assure the readers of
this paper that the faces of the aforesaid
agents, etc., furnish a good field for the
study of human nature, and for securing a
good idea of the prejudices of different men,
and supplies a standard of judgment that
will rarely fail if put to the test.

Where one party will nod his head, look
pleased, and invite you to accept a reserved
seat, the next one will snatch the card, read
both sides through, give a grunt, pointing
into the door with his thumb, and reach for
the ticket of the first paying patron behind
you; another one will mutter, "I s'pose so,"
or, as one actually did say this season, "For
God's sake, how many are there of you d-d
correspondents in this town?" Others, and
their number is not few, kindly remember
us, sending seats, etc., in advance, and
treating us as though it were a pleasure to
see us, and to see our good lady and the
children with us.

Now dead-heads may be divided up into a
great many classes, and there is no doubt
that they are, as a species, a great bore to
the showman; but much of the old style of
dead-heading has been outgrown, with the
downfall of stock companies, and another
class has come into existence to whom tick-
ets are given in payment for certain ser-
vices given or privileges granted. The exten-
sive use of windows for lithograph billing
has added largely to this latter sort, and
were it more fully understood, these tickets
would benefit instead of injure the house.
Another class is the local press. Here the
manager could do better by paying his
money for all services rendered, and then
merely giving the city editor or critic a seat.
Then comes the awful metropolitan news-
paper fellows. Last but not least come the
"profession." One agent asked me this
season if we had an actors' hospital in this
city, and seeing my look of astonishment as
I answered negatively, said: "I thought
there must be by the number of profession-
als applying to go in on that score."

Now, gentlemen managers, I shall only
take up the cudgel on behalf of my own
class, and beg leave to assure you that were
any one of you asked or expected to attend, if
for ever so short a time, every show that
comes along, you would soon say the obli-
gation was rather on your part than on ours,
and you would stand ready to welcome us
and make us as comfortable as possible.
Just think of some thirty-odd Pinafores in
one season; three or four Uncle Tom's
Cabins, as many Humpty Dumphys, and so
on. Gentlemen, we do not come to sit and
enjoy your show; we are there for business.
How long would you retain a man in your
employ who would sit and enjoy the per-
formance every night as an auditor. Just so
with us, and if your co. is all right, the
record goes down, not for one town or an-
other, but for the whole country, and your
reputation is ahead of you before you are
two weeks on the road. In many cases we
provincial correspondents have opportuni-
ties for getting nearer to the real merits of a
co. than the local writers, and I for one cer-
tainly feel entitled to be classed as a dead-
head, who earns fully the privileges granted
him as a country correspondent.

THE MISHLER CIRCUIT.—Manager Mishler
of the well-known Mishler Circuit, estab-
lished in 1873, in this issue of THE MIRROR
announces a liberal prospectus for his sev-
enth season (1880-1881), which deserves a
careful perusal by managers and agents.
He will at all times have the open dates for
the entire circuit at his office in Reading,
and will book companies for one night, or
one, two or three weeks. A special arrange-
ment with the Reading Railroad company
enables him to furnish an elegant combina-
tion car for all companies playing the Mish-
ler Circuit. Mr. Mishler will be at the
Union Place Hotel from Monday noon July
19, to Tuesday noon, July 20, and will be
pleased to see all who may desire further
information.

TOM TAYLOR.

Tom Taylor, editor of Punch, and one of
the most prolific of English dramatists, has
passed to the unknown. What a world it is!
Only the other day Tom Taylor was indig-
nant with the press for saying he was seri-
ously ill, or at least for their mistake in
naming his ailment. He became sufficiently
mollified, however, to rattle off a line or two
in playful mood—we cannot now recall
them—correcting the report. Almost before
the ink is dry other pens are writing his
obituary.

Tom Taylor was born at Sunderland, coun-
ty of Durham, England, in 1817. Educated
at the Grange School of his native town, the
largest institution of the kind in the North
of England, he spent two sessions at Glas-
gow University, where he gained three gold
medals and various other prizes, and in 1837
entered Trinity College, Cambridge. He
graduated there in 1840 as a "junior optime,"
and with first-class honors in classics was
soon chosen a fellow, and while reading law
acted for two years as professor of the En-
glish language and literature at University
College, London. Called at the bar at the
Inner Temple in November, 1845, he went
the Northern Circuit until March, 1850,
when he was appointed Assistant Secretary
of the Board of Health. Mr. Taylor was
long in finding out his dramatic vocation.
Though he produced a farce, The Trip to
Kinsington, at the Lyceum Theatre in 1846,
it was not until 1855 that he achieved a de-
cided dramatic success with his excellent
comedy, Still Waters Run Deep, brought
out at the Olympic May 14, and still very
popular with amateur actors. His next hit
was An Unequal Match, produced at the
Haymarket, November 7, 1857, in which Miss
Amy Sedgwick achieved a great success as
the heroine. As early as 1844 he began the long
series of his contributions to Punch in prose
and verse, many of which were marked by
a fine appreciation of human nature, good
classical allusion, and genuine wit and
pathos. Before making his mark as a dra-
matic author his attention was drawn to the
stage as critic for the Times newspaper in
the absence of John Oxenford, and in 1853
he gave an earnest of his artistic tastes by
editing the "Autobiography" of Benjamin
Roberts Haydon (three volumes), the once
famous historic painter who committed sui-
cide June 22, 1846, after an eccentric life
saddened by pecuniary want, thwarted am-
bition, crossed vanity, and defeated passion.
This work was well received, passed to a
second edition and was republished the same
year in New York (two volumes). In 1858
Mr. Taylor published a useful manual of the
Local Government Act and of the Public
Health Act, both of which had been passed
in that year. At the reconstruction of the
Board of Health in 1854, Mr. Taylor was
appointed its secretary at a salary of £1,000
per annum. In 1872 Mr. Taylor's office was
abolished, and he was allowed a pension,
after more than twenty-one years of public
service.

Mr. Taylor married June 25, 1855, Miss
Laura W. Barker, daughter of Rev. Thomas
Barker, Vicar of Thirskley, Yorkshire, a
lady of decided musical talent, who adapted
several of Tennyson's lyrics to music, wrote
agreeable verses, and aided her husband in
more than one of his works. In 1859 Mr.
Taylor edited the "Autobiographical Recol-
lections and Correspondence" of the late
Charles Robert Leslie, R. A., a work which
was highly commended and was reprinted at
Boston the following year. The Fool's Re-
venge, a drama suggested by Victor Hugo's
Le Roi s'Amuse, was produced at Sad-
ler's Wells Theatre, Oct. 18, 1859, under
the auspices of Mr. Samuel Phelps, and soon
afterward by Mr. Rousby at a London the-
atre. The Overland Route, produced by
Charles Mathews at the Haymarket, Feb.
23, 1860, enjoyed a well-merited suc-
cess. The high-water mark of Mr. Taylor's
dramatic career in England was reached
Nov. 11, 1861, by the production, at the
Haymarket, of Our American Cousin, a
piece written two or three years before for
Miss Laura Keane, and acted by her company
in the United States more than 800 nights.
It is well known that in the original piece
Asa Trenchard, the American Cousin, was
the central figure, and as such was admir-
ably rendered by Joseph Jefferson, but Mr.
Sothern, after developing the capabilities of
the part of Dundreary, gradually remodelled
the play, purchased it and made it in more
than one sense his own. In England the
American Cousin was at first coldly re-
ceived, and was withdrawn after thirty-five
nights, but soon resumed (January, 1862),
and had a run of 496 nights. The next great
success of Mr. Taylor was The Ticket-of-
Leave Man, produced at the Olympic May
27, 1863, which had a run of 406 nights. La-
ter plays, Settling Day (Olympic, March 4,
1865), The Sheriff of Dunsbar (Olympic,
December, 1865), and A Sister's Penance,
(Adelphi, November 26, 1866) achieved only
moderate success, but New Men and Old
Acres, produced at the Haymarket in the
Autumn of 1869, retrieved his dramatic repu-
tation, while Twist and Ax and Crown and
Joan of Arc, at the New Queen's Theatre,
enjoyed a well-merited success. Besides
these, his chief original dramas, Mr. Taylor
was associated with Charles Reade in the
production of that charming comedy,
Masks and Faces (1854), of Two
Loves and a Life, The King's Rival and
perhaps some other pieces, for which Taylor is
supposed to have done the best work, while
Reade took the chief credit. Earlier in his
career Mr. Taylor wrote a large number of
slight burlesques, partly original and partly
in collaboration with Albert Smith and
Charles Kenney. He also wrote or adapted
from the French many farces and comedies
for Mr. Farren during his management of
the Strand and Olympic Theatres, and of
these Prince Dorres, Diogenes and His Lan-
tern and The Vicar of Wakefield are still
favorably remembered. Other pieces which
deserve mention were entitled Victims, The
Confessed Election, History, a blank verse
drama in five acts, To Parents and Grand-
sons, The Babes in the Wood, The Brigand
and the Banker, A Duke in Difficulties and
Sense and Sensation. He was employed by
Charles Dickens in the dramatization of
his Tale of Two Cities, and produced,
first and last, above a hundred dramatic
pieces. In other departments of literature
he published a "Handbook to the Pictures
of the National Exhibition of 1862," fur-
nished the letter-press to accompany Birket
Foster's "Pictures of English Landscape"
(1862), translated from the French of the
Vicomte Hersart de la Villemarque, the
"Ballads and Songs of Brittany" (1865),
for which volume Mrs. Taylor furnished
musical adaptations of some of the melodies,
and, in conjunction with C. W. Franks, pre-
pared a "Catalogue of the Works of Sir
Joshua Reynolds" (1869).

Haverly's Plans.

[Chicago Tribune.]

General John is now in New York. He
started last Wednesday. Just previous to
his departure the man of many ventures was
found closeted with his trusty henchman,
Fitz, who was nearly smothered under the
load of instructions which his chief was
leaving behind. In the course of a frag-
mentary conversation the General gave a
few facts relative to his future plans, which
may be put together in this way. He pro-
poses being absent for only a few weeks,
merely going to finally arrange for such at-
tractions as he requires for the few remain-
ing dates at his several theatres during the
season of 1880-'81. He will return here,
take a hasty review of the field, and fly to
Colorado, where he will remain absorbed in
quartz and such things until the season is
well advanced. At his Fifth Avenue The-
atre in New York he proposes to play the
highest class of entertainments only, and
among the chief attractions at this house
will be Fanny Davenport, Mary Anderson,
John McCullough, and the Strakosch-Hess
English Opera company. It is expected
that the engagements here will be prolonged
ones, and special attention to the mounting
of plays will be observed. Haverly will
aim to make it "one of the foremost theatres
in the country." The class of amusements
offered the public at the Fourteenth Street
house will be of a lighter order. He will
endeavor to cater to the popular taste.
Among the companies now booked for this
theatre are: Goodwin's Hobbies, the Rice
Surprise Party, Rice's new Evangeline
party, Jarrett & Rice's Fun on the Bristol
organization, Dudley Buck's new opera
troupe, Bartley Campbell's several compa-
nies, Salsbury's Troubadours (upon their
return from England), the Tourists, Widow
Bedott, and others of a similar nature.
Haverly says the Fourteenth Street Theatre
has proved under his management to be one
of the best paying amusement houses in New
York. "Indeed," said he, "it is doubtful if
any other theatre in that city can show an
equal profit." Whether this be true or not,
the fact remains that he has been able
to keep it open since he assumed control
of it, and it had al-
ways been looked upon as a "Jonah." A
grand spectacular piece (whether of Kralffy's
construction or not remains to be deter-
mined) will be produced at Niblo's in the
Fall. It will probably hold the boards for
the greater part of the season. Fanny Daven-
port will play an engagement at this
house. Louis Aldrich and Charles Parsloe
will also appear there in My Partner. In
speaking of his future management of Niblo's,
Haverly says he intends to keep a look-
out for the strongest up-town successes at
the various theatres with a view of capturing
them for that house. With a few exceptions
the engagements made for the New York
theatres are also made for Brooklyn and
Chicago. Here the chief event of the sea-
son will be the engagement of Her Majes-
ty's Opera, with which will come Mme.
Gerster and Campanini. "I am very con-
fident," said the General, "that my list
of attractions already booked will make
the coming season the most brilliant
one known here for many years." Not sat-
isfied with what he has now in hand, Haverly
proposes to put a few more irons in the
fire. He speaks of possibly arranging for
two or three traveling organizations, in addi-
tion to the Mastodons, who sailed on Wednes-
day for London; and the Colored Minstrels,
increased to 100 performers, will be kept in
the States and Canada. Haverly is nothing
if not colossal. The Mastodons, as every-
body knows, go to Her Majesty's Theatre;
and until the London opera season opens,
Billy Emerson the great, and the other Mas-
todons will be found in the vicinity of Hay-
market. It will depend very largely upon
circumstances whether they will make the
tour of Great Britain or return home after
their London engagement. We may say here
that, including agents, bill-men, and the
families of performers, seventy-one people
sailed under the Haverly banner last
Wednesday, which is quite an advance on
"the original forty—count 'em—forty."

A NEW PHASE.—Norristown Herald: "It is
rumored that the parents of Currie, the rufian
who murdered Porter, and was acquitted on
the ground of insanity, intend to bring suit for
damages against the family of the deceased
actor. They claim that if Porter had not come
to Marshall, Currie would not have seen
him; and if he had not seen him, he would
not have killed him; and if he had not killed
him, he would not have become insane; there-
fore Porter is responsible for the mental con-
dition of their son."

WANTED.—ENGAGEMENT FOR
beautiful child, nine years old, her
mother to go with her and play gented parts.
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[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

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1880. SEASON. 1881.

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There is some open time at the above theatre during the Summer, including weeks of two National Conventions: Jockey Club and Trotting Races, Masonic Conclave and the Exposition.

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BLOOMSBURG, Pop. 7,000.
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Manager, W. C. McKinney.
Exchange Hotel, Tubbs & Chamberlin prop'rs.
Bill poster, C. P. Fowler.
Baggage, Buckalew Bros.

ALLENTOWN, Pop. 16,000.
Academy of Music seats 900.
Allen House, Col. J. H. Good, prop'r.
Bill Poster, John Archibie.
Baggage, Goodwill Fire Co.

NORRISTOWN, Pop. 15,000.
Music Hall seats 900.
Windsor House, M. M. Missimer, prop'r.
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WILKESBARRE, Pop. 20,000.
Music Hall seats 1,000.
M. Burgunder, Manager.
Luxerne House, S. Bristol, prop'r.
Baggage and Omnibus, John F. Rainow.
Bill Poster, A. F. Snyder.

LEBANON, Pop. 10,000.
Opera House seats 900.
Manager, Geo. H. Spang.
Eagle Hotel, A. F. Siegrist, prop'r.
Bill Poster, J. W. Ely.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pop. 19,000.
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Opera House seats 900.
Franklin House, John A. Slade.
Black's Hotel, J. P. Batt, prop'r.
Bill poster and baggage, Ernest Witters.

MAHANAY CITY, Pop. 8,000.
City Hall seats 800.
Manager, Const. Metz.
Eagle Hotel, Charles P. Derrick.
Bill poster, C. H. P. Hand.
Baggage, Adam Brown.

HARRISBURG, Pop. 27,000.
Opera House seats 1,000.
Franklin House, Frank Dietrich, prop'r.

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American House, C. S. Birch, prop'r.
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Baggage and bill poster, H. Armitage.

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Opera House seats 900.
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Bill poster, Wesley Van Gasken.

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SECOND DIVISION sailed on steamer England, National line, Saturday, July 10, via Liverpool. CHARLES FROHMAN, Treasurer, in charge. Will unite and give Grand Initial Performance at Her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket, London, July 31, 1889. Col. R. J. FILKINS, Business Manager; D. B. HODGES, General Agent; WILLIAM CULVER and J. McNAMARA, Assistant Agents.

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